

The Lays of Ancient Rome

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THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

11

EDITED WITH NOTES
AND TEACHING QUESTIONS BY

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
DRAKE UNIVERSITY, DES MOINES

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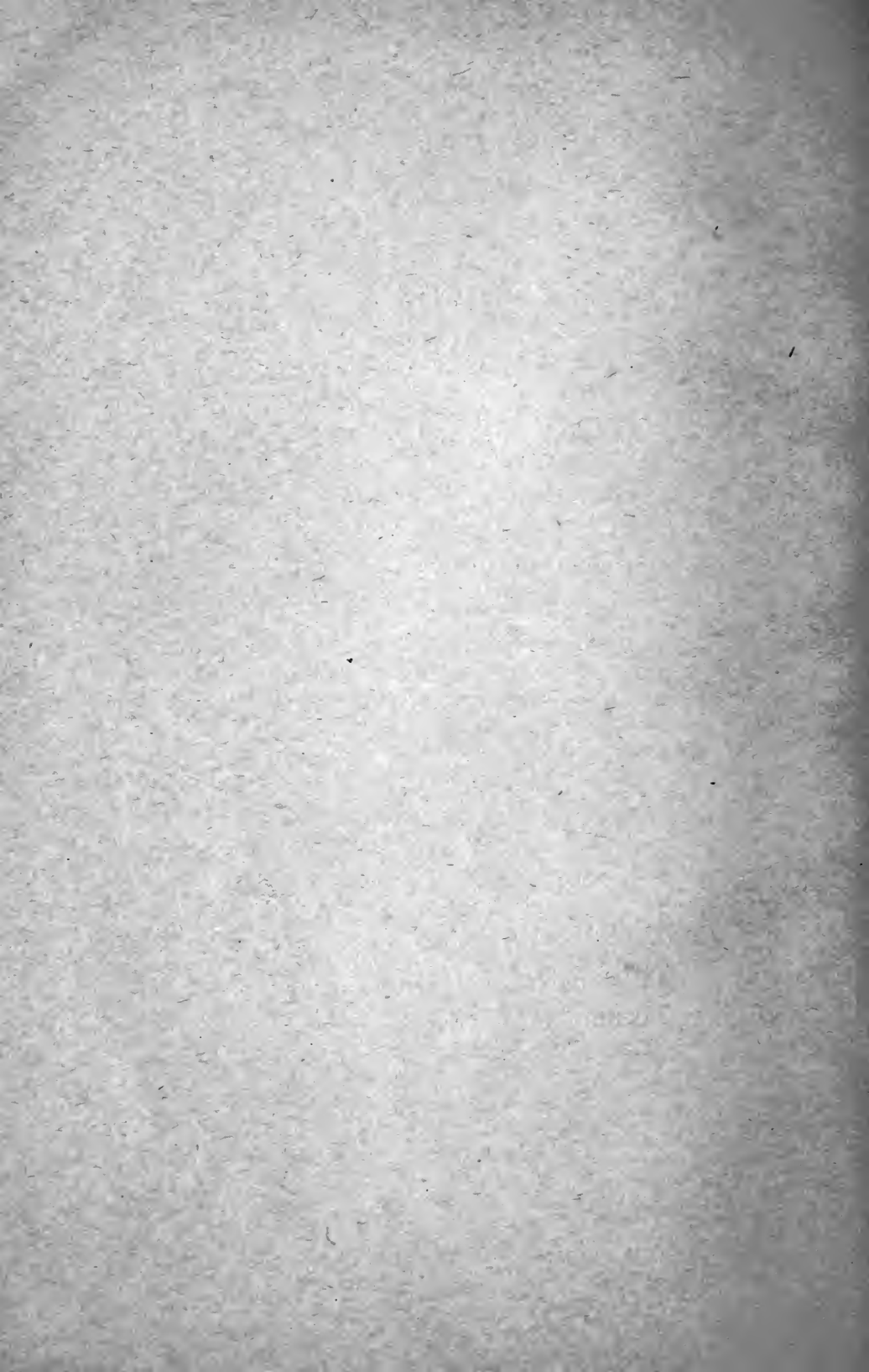
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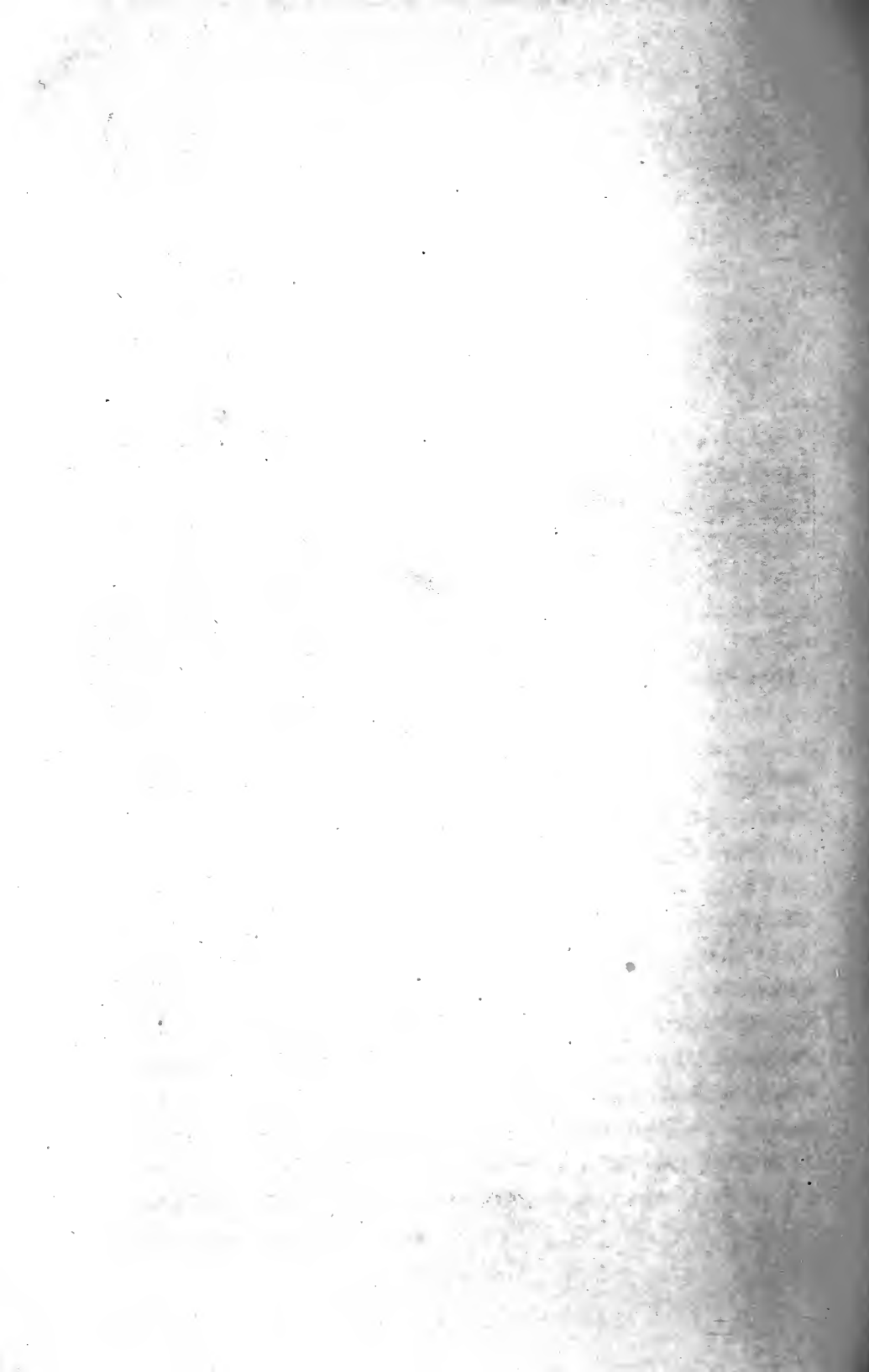
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THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY



LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

INTRODUCTION

That what is called the history of the kings and early consuls of Rome is to a great extent fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that, more than three hundred and sixty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after the destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of a later period did not possess those materials without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. They own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles that were never fought, and consuls that were never inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in those chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will, perhaps, be

inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions of Rome, the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion. As he draws nearer and nearer to the confines of authentic history, he will become less and less hard of belief. He will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth. But he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character, more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creations of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live.

The early history of Rome is, indeed, far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clœlia, the battle of Regillus won by

the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

* * * * *

The Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the Second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of words fashioned on Greek models. The Latin metres, heroic, elegiac, lyric, and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the Iliad and Odyssey. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations from Demophilus, Menander, and Apollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves as patterns the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished,—which had, indeed, almost perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but

little reading and writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilized nation is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilized, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will always be highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement.

* * * * * * *

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so is it also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances; manners change; great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and

gaudy coloring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. There is, indeed, little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered copy of *Childe Waters* and *Sir Cauline*, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the *Cid*. The snuff of a candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world forever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious reliques of the *Minstrelsy of the Border*. In Germany, the lay of the *Nibelungs* had been long utterly forgotten, when, in the eighteenth century, it was for the first time printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilization, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks.

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that this poetry should have perished, is, therefore, not strange. It would, on the contrary,

have been strange if these things had not come to pass ; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject ; but we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

* * * * *

The proposition, then, that Rome had ballad-poetry is not merely in itself highly probable, but is fully proved by direct evidence of the greatest weight.

This proposition being established, it becomes easy to understand why the early history of the city is unlike almost everything else in Latin literature,—native where almost everything else is borrowed, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. We can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the magnificent, pathetic, and truly national legends, which present so striking a contrast to all that surrounds them, are broken and defaced fragments of that early poetry which, even in the age of Cato the Censor, had become antiquated, and of which Tully had never heard a line.

That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. It is probable that at an early period Homer and Herodotus furnished some hints to the Latin minstrels ; but it was not until after the war with Pyrrhus that the poetry of Rome began to put off its old Ausonian character. The transformation was soon consummated. The conquered, says Horace, led captive the conquerors. It was precisely at the time at which the Roman people rose to unrivalled political ascendancy that they stooped to pass under the intellectual yoke. It was precisely at the time

at which the sceptre departed from Greece that the empire of her language and of her arts became universal and despotic. The revolution, indeed, was not effected without a struggle. Nævius seems to have been the last of the ancient line of poets. Ennius was the founder of a new dynasty. Nævius celebrated the First Punic War in Saturnian verse, the old national verse of Italy. Ennius sang the Second Punic War in numbers borrowed from the Iliad. The elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the early Roman diction and versification, plaintively boasted that the Latin language had died with him. Thus, what to Horace appeared to be the first faint dawn of Roman literature, appeared to Nævius to be its hopeless setting. In truth, one literature was setting and another dawning.

The victory of foreign taste was decisive; and indeed we can hardly blame the Romans for turning away with contempt from the rude lays which had delighted their fathers, and giving their whole admiration to the immortal productions of Greece. The national romances, neglected by the great and the refined, whose education had been finished at Rhodes or Athens, continued, it may be supposed, during some generations, to delight the vulgar. While Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, described the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild Saturnian ballads. It is not improbable that, at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems mentioned by Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the mosstroopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to

light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made. The Latin ballads perished forever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the ancient Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected, on such an occasion, to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches, and the great his-

torians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

* * * * *

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.

In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own person, but in the person of ancient minstrels who know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in no wise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders, which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the vanquished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empire and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues,—fortitude, temperance, veracity,

spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism; but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the Iliad still greater obligations are due; and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

HORATIUS

There can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some consul or prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honors and rewards.

* * * * *

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defence of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favorite with the Horatian house.

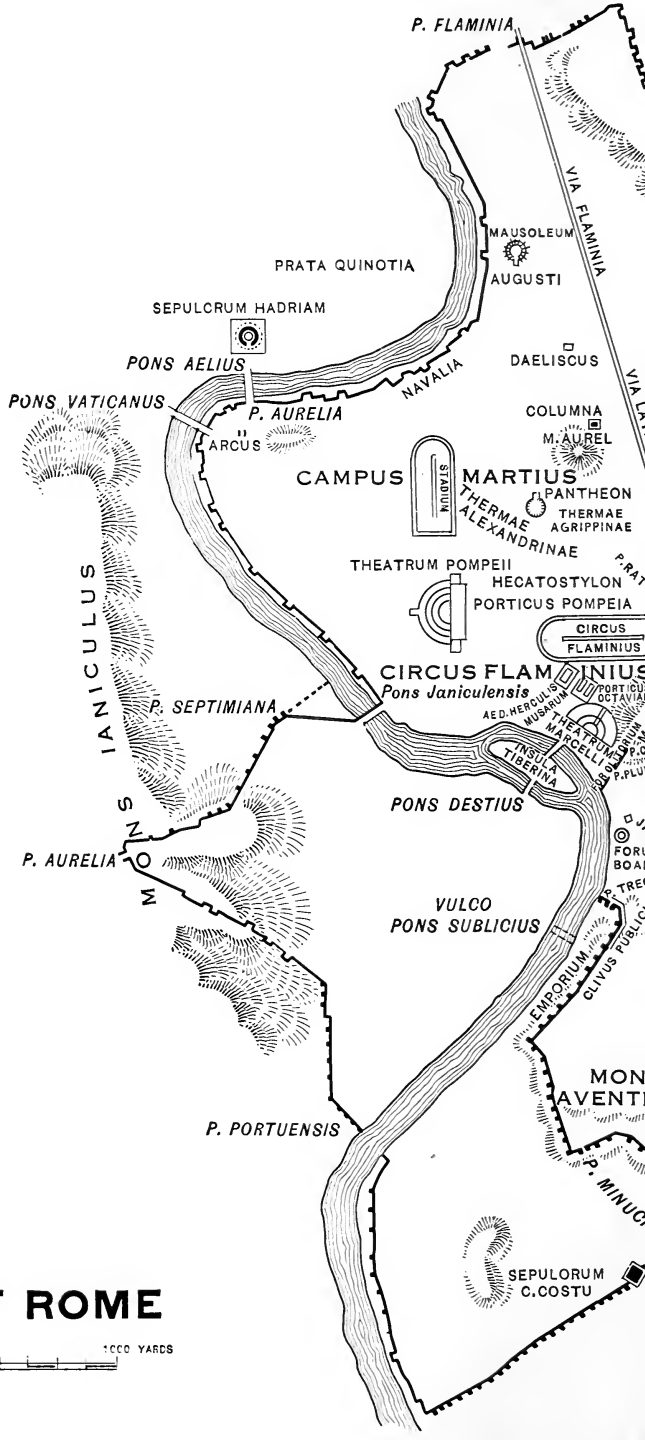
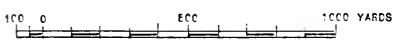
The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest

citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent scale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

MONS VATICANUS



ANCIENT ROME



P. FLAMINIA

VIA FLAMINIA

VIA LATA

MAUSOLEUM AUGUSTI

PRATA QUINOTIA

SEPULCRUM HADRIAM

DAELISCUS

PONS AELIUS

NAVALIA

CAMPUS MARTIUS

COLUMNA MARCEL

PANTHEON THERMAE AGRIPPINAE THERMAE ALEXANDRINAE

THEATRUM POMPEII

HECATOSTYLON PORTICUS POMPEIA

CIRCUS FLAMINIUS

CIRCUS FLAMINIUS Pons Janiculensis

MONS JANICULUS

P. SEPTIMIANA

AE. HERCULUS MUDARUM THEATRUM MARCELLI AED. TRIVM. P. C. P. PLUM. P. J. A. FORU. BOAR. TREG. CLIVUS PUBLICIUS

PONS DESTIUS

P. AURELIA

VULCO PONS SUBLICIUS

P. PORTUENSIS

MONS AVENTINUS

SEPULORUM C. COSTU

P. MINUCIA

HORATIUS

A Lay Made About the Year of the City CCCLX.

I

Lars Porsena of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

2

East and west and south and north 10
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

- 1 *Lars*, a title meaning king or chieftain in the Etruscan. Clusium, in eastern middle portion of Etruria, west of Lake Trasimenus.
- 5 According to the Roman tradition, the great gods of the Etruscans were nine in number.
- 14 *Etruscan*. The Etruscans were the inhabitants of Etruria, a portion of Italy extending along the coast from near the mouth of the Tiber north to a point a little below modern Genoa. Now Tuscany.

Define: trysting, array, house as used in line 3.

Why should he be called a "false Etruscan" who did not go with Lars Porsena?

3

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place;
 From many a fruitful plain;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beech and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
 Of purple Apennine;

20

4

From lordly Volaterræ,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old;
 From seagirt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky;

30

5

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
 Queen of the western waves,
 Where ride Massilia's triremes
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves;

26 *Volaterræ*, a city north and west of Clusium in Etruria.

34 *Pisæ*, the modern Pisa.

36 *Massilia*, now Marseilles, formerly a Greek colony. The slaves of her triremes were probably Gauls traded in by Greek merchants.

Define: amain, mart, hamlet, hold, seagirt, descry, triremes.

Why should the poet call the Apennines purple?

Why did they think that the hold was "piled by hands of giants for god-like kings of old"?

From where sweet Clanis wanders
 Through corn and vines and flowers;
 From where Cortona lifts to heaven
 Her diadem of towers.

40

6

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's rill;
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
 Of the Ciminian hill;
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus
 Is to the herdsman dear;
 Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.

7

But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Auser's rill;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer;
 Unharm'd the waterfowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

50

- 38 *Clanis*, a river flowing east of Clusium south into the Tiber.
 40 *Cortona*, a little distance from Clusium, northwest of Lake
 Trasimenus.
 43 *Auser*, a stream flowing into the Arno.

Define: diadem, champ, fowler, mere, rill.

Does the sixth stanza make the life in Etruria seem a happy one
 or not? Why should the Etruscans think of this as they march away
 to Rome?

Why does the milk-white steer graze unwatched along Clitumnus
 and the waterfowl dip unharm'd in the mere?

8

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap,
 This year, young boys in Umbro 60
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

9

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand:
 Evening and morn the Thirty 70
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

58 *Arretium*, north of Cortona, now Arezzo.

60 *Umbro*, now the Ombrone, a river flowing into the sea north of Rome less than a hundred miles.

62 *Luna*, a city in the north of Etruria on the sea.

64 *Round the white feet of laughing girls*, who are treading out the wine from the grapes.

66 *Prophets*. They were rather sorcerers who read signs of the future in the entrails of animals and otherwise.

72 The Etruscans read from right to left instead of from left to right as we do.

Define: must, seers, yore.

Why shall the old men reap the harvests of Arretium and the young boys plunge the sheep in Umbro?

Why does the poet think of the girls as laughing when their sires have marched to Rome?

IO

And with one voice the Thirty
 Have their glad answer given:
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven:
 Go, and return in glory
 To Clusium's royal dome;
 And hang round Nurscia's altars
 The golden shields of Rome."

80

II

And now hath every city
 Sent up her tale of men:
 The foot are fourscore thousand,
 The horse are thousands ten.
 Before the gates of Sutrium
 Is met the great array.
 A proud man was Lars Porsena
 Upon the trysting day.

I2

For all the Etruscan armies
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
 And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally;
 And with a mighty following
 To join the muster came

90

80 *Nurscia's altars.* This was a Sabine city near the Nar.

86 *Sutrium*, a town north of Rome on the road from Clusium.

Define: dome, tale, ranged, banished, ally, muster.

Why was Lars Porsena a proud man on the trysting day?

The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

13

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champaign 100
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

14

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters 110
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves.

15

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,

96 *Tusculan*, a resident of Tusculum, a city of Latium, that part of Italy in which Rome was situated.

Define: affright, tumult, throng, champaign, spacious, litters, reaping-hooks, staves, skins of wine, kine.

Why does the poet tell of the smiling babes at the same time that he tells of the sobbing mothers?

Where has the poet changed point of view in telling the story?
Whom are we interested in now?

And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine,
 And endless trains of wagons
 That creaked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

120

16

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

17

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands ;
 Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
 In Crustumarium stands.
 Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain ;

130

122 *Tarpeian.* The Tarpeian Rock was a cliff on one of the hills of Rome, famous in an old story of the betrayal of the city.

126 *Fathers of the City.* The Senators of Rome.

133 *Crustumarium,* a city between fifteen and twenty miles above Rome near the Tiber.

134 *Ostia,* was the port of Rome at the mouth of the Tiber.

What are burghers? Is the term Roman or more modern?

Why was every gate a "roaring gate"?

Why does the poet speak of house and fence and dovecote in that order?

Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

18

Iwis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat, 140
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

19

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly : 150
"The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

20

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear ;

136 *Janiculum.* The hill Janiculus across the river from the main part of the city. Important as overlooking Rome.

138 *Iwis.* Has the sense of certainly, surely.

Define: girded, hied, council, Consul, stormed, roundly.

Why do the Fathers hold a council before the River-Gate?

What does the scout's way of announcing the coming of Lars Por-sena show of the Roman feeling for him?

Does the scout's message make the Consul excited or thoughtful?
How is that or is it not like a Roman?

“To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
 Lars Porsena is here.”
 On the low hills to westward
 The Consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust
 Rise fast along the sky.

160

21

And nearer fast and nearer
 Doth the red whirlwind come;
 And louder still and still more loud,
 From underneath that rolling cloud,
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
 The trampling, and the hum.
 And plainly and more plainly
 Now through the gloom appears,
 Far to left and far to right,
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
 The long array of helmets bright,
 The long array of spears.

170

22

And plainly, and more plainly
 Above that glimmering line,
 Now might ye see the banners
 Of twelve fair cities shine;

177 *Twelve fair cities.* The Etruscans developed a civil life and the arts somewhat in advance of the Romans, and they formed a league of twelve cities with a spirit of organization such as their future conquerors had not yet.

Define: swarthy, glimmering, proud.

Why does the poet call the coming army a red whirlwind?

But the banner of proud Clusium
 Was highest of them all,
 The terror of the Umbrian,
 The terror of the Gaul.

180

23

And plainly and more plainly
 Now might the burghers know,
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,
 Each warlike Lucumo.
 There Cilnius of Arretium
 On his fleet roan was seen ;
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,
 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
 And dark Verbenna from the hold
 By reedy Thrasymene.

190

24

Fast by the royal standard,
 O'erlooking all the war,
 Lars Porsena of Clusium
 Sat in his ivory car.
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;

184 *Port and vest.* Manner of carrying himself and dress (vesture).

185 *Lucumo.* A Roman term for the Etruscan chiefs.

197 *Mamilius.* Clavius Mamilius of Tusculum was of the exiled family, having married a daughter of Tarquinius.

Why was the banner of Clusium the terror of the Umbrian and the Gaul?

Give the meaning as used here of crest, roan, brand, wield, standard, car.

And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

200

25

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

26

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

210

27

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate;

199 *Sextus*. He was a son of Tarquinius, and the expulsion of the Tarquins was largely due to his wrongdoing.

Define: firmament, spat, curses, van.

How does it happen that even the children scream out curses?

Why is the Consul's feeling different from that of the people?

What is he thinking of?

"To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods.

220

28

"And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame?

230

29

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

240

229 *The holy maidens* were the vestal virgins, whose duty it was to keep a flame burning on the altar of the goddess Vesta.

What is there fine about the first part of the speech of Horatius?
 What is the meaning as used here of wrought, play, strait, either?
 Are the others who will help Horatius prompt or not?

30

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
 A Ramnian proud was he:
 "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee."
 And out spake strong Herminius;
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

31

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

250

32

Then none was for a party;
 Then all were for the state;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great;
 Then lands were fairly portioned;
 Then spoils were fairly sold;

260

242 *Ramnian*. The Roman patrician or noble class comprised three tribes, of which the Ramnes or Romans were the first. Later the union with the Sabines added another, the Tities. See line 246. The conquest of Alba added the fourth, the Luceres.

Define: abide, dauntless, portioned, spoils.

Do they who will help Horatius seem determined or doubtful? Do they seem men of words or of deeds?

The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

33

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low.
 As we wax hot in faction,
 In battle we wax cold:
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old.

270

34

Now while the Three were tightening
 Their harness on their backs,
 The Consul was the foremost man
 To take in hand an axe:
 And Fathers mixed with Commons
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
 And smote upon the planks above,
 And loosed the props below.

280

267 *The Tribunes* were officers of the common people or plebeians whose first office was that of protecting any of the plebeians who might appeal to them for protection against the authority of the Consul. Later they had also the power of vetoing laws that they thought would be injurious to the common people.

Define: foe, beard, faction, harness, smote, props.

How does the man who is telling the story seem to feel about "the brave days of old"? Why does he use the phrase so often?

What is it for the Tribunes to "beard the high," and for the "fathers to grind the low"?

What is it to "wax hot in faction"?

Why does the poet speak of Fathers as mixing with Commons? Was the term Commons one properly to be applied to a Roman or an English body of men?

35

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
 Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

290

36

The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter,
 From all the vanguard rose;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way.

300

37

Aunus from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;

301 *Tifernum*, a city in the northeastern part of Etruria.

Define: surges, ensign, vanguard, array.

Does the description of the Tuscan army in the thirty-fifth stanza seem that of an orderly modern army or of a wild host?

Why did a great shout of laughter rise from the vanguard at the Three?

And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

310

38

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath:
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth:
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

39

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea;

320

304 *Ilva*, an island off the west coast, the modern Elba.

310 *Nar*, a river on the southern border of Umbria flowing into the Tiber from the east. Umbria is east of Etruria.

322 The Etruscans, while they were merchantmen, also sailed the sea as pirates.

Define as used here: vassal, powers, girt, fortress, lowers, clove, crag, fiery, gilded, rover.

Does the poet make you feel that Seius and Picus are kindly or terrible chieftains? Does stanza thirty-seven make you more or less anxious for the Romans?

And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

40

Herminius smote down Aruns;
 Lartius laid Ocnus low;
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.

330

"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

41

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,

340

Define: fell, pirate, aghast, bark, hinds, cavern, clamor.

Do the new Etruscans seem more or less terrible than the preceding Three? Why?

In stanza forty is Horatius more or less determined than before? Do you see any new feeling that makes him so?

Why now does "a wild and wrathful clamor" rise from the vanguard of the foes?

And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

42

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

350

43

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

360

44

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,

360 *The she-wolf's litter.* According to the old story the founders of Rome, Romulus and Renus, were nourished by a wolf.

Define: stride, brand, wield, serene, flinching, deftly.

Does there appear to be new and greater danger for the Romans in the coming of Astur or not? Why?

Does he in any way seem nobler than the other Etruscans?

He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh; 370
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow.

45

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space;
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a handbreadth out 380
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

46

And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
 As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak.
 Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread;

368 *Augurs*, priests whose office it was to foretell events from signs
 of various sorts.

Define: helm, thrust, reeled, helmet.

Does Horatius meet Astur in a way at all different from that in
 which he met the others?

Are the augurs pale for the falling of the oak or for the falling
 of Astur?

Why does the poet compare Astur to an oak?

And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

47

On Astur's throat Horatius 390
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

48

But at his haughty challenge 400
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

49

But all Etruria's noblest 410
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three;
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,

Define: tugged, haughty, challenge, dread, prowess, noblest, fatal, corpses, dauntless, ghastly.

How confident does Horatius feel in the forty-seventh stanza?
Why does the poet speak of the van as glittering? *

All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

50

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack:
 But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!"
 And backward now and forward
 Wavers the deep array;
 And on the tossing sea of steel,
 To and fro the standards reel;
 And the victorious trumpet-peal
 Dies fitfully away.

420

51

Yet one man for one moment
 Stood out before the crowd;
 Well known was he to all the Three,
 And they gave him greeting loud,
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
 Now welcome to thy home!
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
 Here lies the road to Rome."

430

Define: unaware, hare, lair, dire, reel, trumpet-peal.

How does the fiftieth stanza show that the soldiers of the Etruscan army fought under orders from the commander or by its own impulses? Why does the poet now speak of the Etruscan army as a sea of steel when he spoke of it in stanza thirty-five as a sea of gold?

Why do the Three shout out with so loud a greeting to Sextus?

52

Thrice looked he at the city;
 Thrice looked he at the dead;
 And thrice came on in fury,
 And thrice turned back in dread;
 And, white with fear and hatred,
 Scowled at the narrow way
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

440

53

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied;
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

450

54

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
 Herminius darted back;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore

Define: fury, hatred, scowled, wallowing, lever, plied, tottering, tide, boiling, ruin.

Is there any change to be noticed in the relative fears of the Romans and the Etruscans since word first reached Rome that the host of Lars Porsena was coming?

Does the taunting of the Roman Three seem mean - or not? Why so?

Is the use of the word tide in line 446 strictly accurate or not?

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

55

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam, 460
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

56

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane, 470
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Define: athwart, triumph, turret-tops, splashed, struggled, tawny, curb, career, pier.

What does the furious river struggle against in line 469?

The river is here personified, spoken of as if it were living. Can you see why the poet does that or why the people might think of it so?

What is the curb that the river bursts, and why should it seem to rejoice in being free?

57

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.

“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.

“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
 “Now yield thee to our grace.”

480

58

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

490

59

“O Tiber! father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,

488 *Palatinus*, now the Palatine hill.

Define as used here: yield, grace, craven, deigning, naught.

Why does Horatius remain after the bridge begins to fall?

How does the poet think of Horatius as being “constant still in mind”?

Why is Sextus anxious to have him killed now?

How does it happen that Lars Porsena has a different spirit?

How has the poet made us feel toward Lars Porsena from the beginning of the story?

How do stanzas fifty-eight and fifty-nine make you feel about the motive that Horatius has had for defending the bridge? Has it been love of battle or love of Rome?

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"
 So he spake, and speaking sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And with his harness on his back
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

60

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

500

61

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain:
 And fast his blood was flowing,
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows:
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

510

Define: crest, rapturous, sore, spent.

Do you think that either Porsena or Sextus was among those who cheered? Why?

How would the story have lost in interest, if Horatius had gone back safely across the bridge with the other two?

62

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing-place:
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin.

520

63

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

530

64

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,

Define: ween, sacked, gory.

How does the difference in feeling between Sextus and Porsena help our appreciation of Horatius or not?

Why do you think there was weeping after he had saved the bridge and had swum safely back?

Where does the real story stop? Why does the author plunge so abruptly into the account of the consequences without telling about the outcome of the attack on Rome?

He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

540

65

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

66

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

550

67

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,

542 *The corn land.* There were many dissensions in the course of Roman history over the occupation of the public lands which were not distributed to private owners. The patricians claimed this right alone, and the plebeians secured a share in the land with difficulty.

550 *Comitium,* the assembling place of the people in the forum. It contained the tribunal and the rostra from which latter the people were addressed.

Do you think that Porsena and the Etruscans succeeded in getting 'into the city or not?

As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

560

68

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north-winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within;

570

69

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows;

580

561 *Volscians*. They were a people living directly south of Latium.
 572 *Algidus*, a mountain near Rome.

Define: amidst, din, glow, kid, spit.

Do these last stanzas bring up a picture of an early or a late civilization?

What in this life appeals to the man who tells the story? Why is he fond of "the brave days of old"?

How is Horatius a typical Roman of the old days or not?

70

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS

THE following poem is supposed to have been produced ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the lay of Horatius make their appearance again, and some appellations and epithets used in the lay of Horatius have been purposely repeated; for, in an age of ballad-poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things by every minstrel. . . . In our own national songs, Douglas is almost always the doughty Douglas; England is merry England; all the gold is red; and all the ladies are gay.

The principal distinction between the lay of Horatius and the lay of the Lake Regillus is, that the former is meant to be purely Roman, while the latter, though national in its general spirit, has a slight tincture of Greek learning and of Greek superstition. The story of the Tarquins, as it has come down to us, appears to have been compiled from the works of several popular poets; and one at least of those poets appears to have visited the Greek colonies in Italy, if not Greece itself, and to have had some acquaintance with the works of Homer and Herodotus. Many of the most striking adventures of the house of Tarquin, before Lucretia makes her appearance, have a Greek character. . . . The Battle of the Lake Regillus is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants ride astride on their horses, instead of

driving chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides is, as in the Iliad, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain; and several circumstances are related which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

* * * * *

In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle-pieces of Homer.

The popular belief at Rome, from an early period, seems to have been that the event of the great day of Regillus was decided by supernatural agency. Castor and Pollux, it was said, had fought, armed and mounted, at the head of the legions of the commonwealth, and had afterwards carried the news of the victory with incredible speed to the city. The well in the Forum at which they had alighted was pointed out. Near the well rose their ancient temple. A great festival was kept to their honor on the ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle; and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. One spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers.

How the legend originated cannot now be ascertained; but we may easily imagine several ways in

which it might have originated; nor is it at all necessary to suppose, with Julius Frontinus, that two young men were dressed up by the Dictator to personate the sons of Leda. It is probable that Livy is correct when he says that the Roman general, in the hour of peril, vowed a temple to Castor. If so, nothing could be more natural than that the multitude should ascribe the victory to the favor of the Twin Gods. When such was the prevailing sentiment, any man who chose to declare that, in the midst of the confusion and slaughter, he had seen two godlike forms on white horses scattering the Latines, would find ready credence. We know, indeed, that in modern times a very similar story actually found credence among a people much more civilized than the Romans of the fifth century before Christ. A chaplain of Cortes, writing about thirty years after the conquest of Mexico, in an age of printing-presses, libraries, universities, scholars, logicians, jurists, and statesmen, had the face to assert that in one engagement against the Indians St. James had appeared on a grey horse at the head of the Castilian adventurers. Many of these adventurers were living when this lie was printed. One of them, honest Bernal Diaz, wrote an account of the expedition. He had the evidence of his own senses against the legend; but he seems to have distrusted even the evidence of his own senses. He says that he was in the battle, and that he saw a grey horse with a man on his back, but that the man was, to his thinking, Francesco de Morla, and not the ever-blessed apostle St. James. "Nevertheless," Bernal adds, "it may be that the person on the grey horse was the glorious apostle St. James, and that I, sinner that I

am, was unworthy to see him." The Romans of the age of Cincinnatus were probably quite as credulous as the Spanish subjects of Charles the Fifth. It is therefore conceivable that the appearance of Castor and Pollux may have become an article of faith before the generation which had fought at Regillus had passed away. Nor could anything be more natural than that the poets of the next age should embellish this story, and make the celestial horsemen bear the tidings of victory to Rome. . . . It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body [the knights of Rome] should be part of the ceremonial performed on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus in honor of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian gods. All the knights, clad in purple and crowned with olive, were to meet at a Temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the Temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius the cavalcade sometimes consisted of five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.

There can be no doubt that the Censors, who instituted this august ceremony, acted in concert with the Pontiffs, to whom, by the constitution of Rome, the superintendence of the public worship belonged; and it is probable that those high religious functionaries were, as usual, fortunate enough to find in their books or traditions some warrant for the innovation. The following poem was supposed to have been made for this great occasion.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS

*A Lay Sung at the Feast of Castor and Pollux on the
Ides of Quintilis, in the Year of the City CCCCLI.*

I

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!

Ho, lictors, clear the way!

The Knights will ride in all their pride

Along the streets to-day.

To-day the doors and windows

Are hung with garlands all,

From Castor in the Forum

To Mars without the wall.

Each Knight is robed in purple,

With olive each is crowned;

A gallant war-horse under each

Paws haughtily the ground.

While flows the Yellow River,

While stands the Sacred Hill,

10

2 *The lictors* attended upon the magistrates, each consul having twelve. As a sign of their office they bore each a bundle of fasces or rods with an axe protruding from the middle.

7 *Castor* is here used for the temple of Castor as in the next line Mars is so used for the temple of Mars.

13 *Yellow River*, the Tiber.

14 *The Sacred Hill* was beyond the Tiber between it and the Anio three Roman miles from the city. It took its name from the quieting of a rebellion of the army that had marched away to found a new city there.

Is Knights a Roman term or not?

The proud Ides of Quintilis
 Shall have such honor still.
 Gay are the Martian Kalends:
 December's Nones are gay:
 But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
 Shall be Rome's whitest day.

20

2

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
 We keep the solemn feast.
 Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
 Came spurring from the east.
 They came o'er wild Parthenius,
 Tossing in waves of pine,
 O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
 O'er purple Apennine,
 From where with flutes and dances
 Their ancient mansion rings,
 In lordly Lacedæmon,

30

15-17 *The Ides* was the middle of the month. As the Roman year began with March, Quintilis, the fifth month, corresponded with our July. The Kalends was the first day of the month, the Martian Kalends, therefore, March first.

18 *December's Nones* was the fifth of December.

21 *The Great Twin Brethren* were Castor and Pollux. The lines following tell of the course of the two gods from their Eastern birthplace to Rome.

25 *Parthenius*. The Parthenian range of mountains in the Peeloponessus.

27 *Cirrha*, a city in the Corinthian gulf on the way to the shrine of Delphi. *Adria's foam*, the Adriatic sea.

31 *Sparta*, the ancient capital city of Lacedæmon, at one time had two heads, and that was in agreement with the circumstance that it was said to be the city of Castor and Pollux.

What does the poet mean by the squadron in line 19?

Sparta has been the symbol for a stern simplicity and denial of luxury. Does the narrator write of it so here or not?

The City of two kings,
 To where, by Lake Regillus,
 Under the Porcian height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum,
 Was fought the glorious fight.

3

Now on the place of slaughter
 Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
 And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
 And apple-orchards green; 40
 The swine crush the big acorns
 That fall from Corne's oaks.
 Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
 The reaper's pottage smokes.
 The fisher baits his angle;
 The hunter twangs his bow;
 Little they think on those strong limbs
 That moulder deep below.
 Little they think how sternly
 That day the trumpets pealed; 50
 How in the slippery swamp of blood
 Warrior and war-horse reeled;
 How wolves came with fierce gallop,
 And crows on eager wings,
 To tear the flesh of captains,

35 *Tusculum* was a city southeast of Rome on the height called Alba Longa.

Define: cots, sheepfolds, pottage, angle, twangs, turf, fount, moulder, pealed, reeled.

Is the scene of the battle peaceful now or not? Why does the narrator think of it so?

Why is it particularly captains and kings that the poet thinks of as being preyed upon by the crows?

And peck the eyes of kings ;
 How thick the dead lay scattered
 Under the Porcian height ;
 How through the gates of Tusculum
 Raved the wild stream of flight ;
 And how the Lake Regillus
 Bubbled with crimson foam,
 What time the Thirty Cities
 Came forth to war with Rome.

60

4

But, Roman, when thou standest
 Upon that holy ground,
 Look thou with heed on the dark rock
 That girds the dark lake round,
 So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
 Stamped deep into the flint :
 It was no hoof of mortal steed
 That made so strange a dint :
 There to the Great Twin Brethren
 Vow thou thy vows, and pray
 That they, in tempest and in fight,
 Will keep thy head away.

70

5

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
 Of mortal eyes were seen,

- 63 *The Thirty Cities* spoken of were those that, according to the story, Mamilius of Tusculum succeeded in uniting together against Rome in the interest of the Tarquins. This was the last attempt of the Tarquins against the city.

Define: raved, heed, girds, flint, mortal, dint, vow.

What do you understand was the mark on the flint of stanza four?

Have years gone by an hundred
 And fourscore and thirteen. 80
 That summer a Virginius
 Was Consul first in place ;
 The second was stout Aulus,
 Of the Posthumian race.
 The Herald of the Latines
 From Gabii came in state :
 The Herald of the Latines
 Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate
 The Herald of the Latines
 Did in our Forum stand ; 90
 And there he did his office,
 A sceptre in his hand.

6

"Hear, Senators and people
 Of the good town of Rome,
 The Thirty Cities charge you
 To bring the Tarquins home ;
 And if ye still be stubborn,
 To work the Tarquins wrong,
 The Thirty Cities warn you,
 Look that your walls be strong." 100

82 *Consul first in place.* Rome had two consuls at the same time.

85 *The Herald of the Latines* was a messenger sent by the league of thirty cities to Rome.

Define: herald, sceptre.

Was the physical appearance of the gods to human eyes of frequent occurrence in the Roman understanding or not?

What did the Consul Aulus mean by his story? What was the eagle's nest?

What do you understand by the Herald's doing his office?

In what spirit did Aulus tell the story?

7

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
 He spake a bitter jest:
 "Once the jays sent a message
 Unto the eagle's nest:
 Now yield thou up thine eyrie
 Unto the carrion-kite,
 Or come forth valiantly, and face
 The jays in mortal fight.
 Forth looked in wrath the eagle;
 And carrion-kite and jay,
 Soon as they saw his beak and claw
 Fled screaming far away."

110

8

The Herald of the Latines
 Hath hied him back in state;
 The Fathers of the City
 Are met in high debate.
 Thus spake the elder Consul,
 An ancient man and wise:
 "Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,
 To that which I advise.
 In seasons of great peril
 'T is good that one bear sway;

120

119 *Conscript Fathers.* They were those patricians who had their names written down in the roll of the Senate.

Define: jest, eyrie, carrion-kite, beak, hearken, peril, sway.

Did the Romans easily give up their power to one man, as you think? What about their fears, then, when they choose a dictator?

How has the Herald of the Latines understood the story?

Why did they think it good for one to "bear sway" in "seasons of great peril"?

Then choose we a Dictator,
 Whom all men shall obey.
 Camerium knows how deeply
 The sword of Aulus bites,
 And all our city calls him
 The man of seventy fights.
 Then let him be Dictator
 For six months and no more,
 And have a Master of the Knights,
 And axes twenty-four.”

130

9

So Aulus was Dictator,
 The man of seventy fights;
 He made Æbutius Elva
 His Master of the Knights.
 On the third morn thereafter,
 At dawning of the day,
 Did Aulus and Æbutius
 Set forth with their array.
 Sempronius Atratinus
 Was left in charge at home
 With boys, and with gray-headed men,
 To keep the walls of Rome.
 Hard by the Lake Regillus
 Our camp was pitched at night;
 Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
 Under the Porcian height.

140

132 *Axes twenty-four.* During the six months the Dictator had full power, and so the lictors of both consuls carrying each the axe in the bundle of fasces attended upon him, a total of twenty-four.

Did the Romans prepare for the battle rapidly or slackly?

Far over hill and valley

Their mighty host was spread;
And with their thousand watch-fires
The midnight sky was red.

150

10

Up rose the golden morning

Over the Porcian height,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Marked evermore with white.

Not without secret trouble

Our bravest saw the foes;
For girt by threescore thousand spears,
The thirty standards rose.

160

From every warlike city

That boasts the Latian name,
Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
That gallant army came;

From Setia's purple vineyards,
From Norba's ancient wall,

From the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all;

From where the Witch's Fortress

O'erhangs the dark-blue seas;

170

169 *Witch's Fortress*, the home of Circe, as it was thought, and so called Circeii.

Define: girt, standards, foredoomed, vultures, witch.

Why does the poet speak of the Ides of Quintilis as "marked evermore with white"?

What was the gallant army that was "foredoomed to dogs and vultures" in line 163?

Do you understand that the cities named in lines 165 to 169 are friends or enemies of Rome?

From the still glassy lake that sleeps
 Beneath Aricia's trees,—
 Those trees in whose dim shadow
 The ghastly priest doth reign,
 The priest who slew the slayer,
 And shall himself be slain;
 From the drear banks of Ufens,
 Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
 And buffaloes lie wallowing
 Through the hot summer's day;
 From the gigantic watch-towers,
 No work of earthly men,
 Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
 The never-ending fen;
 From the Laurentian jungle,
 The wild hog's reedy home;
 From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
 In floods of snow-white foam.

180

II

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
 Velitræ, with the might
 Of Setia and of Tusculum,
 Were marshalled on the right:

190

- 175 *The priest who slew the slayer*, according to the story, was one who had been a runaway slave and who had conquered his opponent in single combat. He would remain priest until another slave, challenging him, should slay him and so take his place. Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, is credited with having founded this temple in Aricia.

Define: drear, gigantic, sentinel, fen, marshalled, jungle.

Does the tenth stanza give an impression of wildness or of ordered civilization in these places from which Rome's enemies come? How does that lessen or heighten our apprehensions for them?

The leader was Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name;
 Upon his head a helmet
 Of red gold shone like flame;
 High on a gallant charger
 Of dark-gray hue he rode;
 Over his gilded armor
 A vest of purple flowed,
 Woven in the land of sunrise
 By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
 And by the sails of Carthage brought
 Far o'er the southern waters.

200

12

Lavinium and Laurentum
 Had on the left their post,
 With all the banners of the marsh,
 And banners of the coast.
 Their leader was false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame:
 With restless pace and haggard face
 To his last field he came.
 Man said he saw strange visions
 Which none beside might see,

210

209 This is the *Sextus* of the preceding poem, "Horatius". Failing in the attack on Rome with Lars Porsena, he has organized the new league of the Latian cities against Rome.

Define: charger, armor, post, haggard, visions.

Does the poet make us think of Mamilius as the more like Sextus or like Porsena?

What does the poet mean by "banners of the marsh" and "banners of the coast"?

Why does the narrator of the story say that Sextus came to "his last field" "with restless pace and haggard face"? What does he want us to know about him?

And that strange sounds were in his ears
 Which none might hear but he.
 A woman fair and stately,
 But pale as are the dead,
 Oft through the watches of the night
 Sat spinning by his bed.
 And as she plied the distaff,
 In a sweet voice and low,
 She sang of great old houses,
 And fights fought long ago.
 So spun she, and so sang she,
 Until the east was gray,
 Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
 And shrieked, and fled away.

220

13

But in the centre thickest
 Were ranged the shields of foes,
 And from the centre loudest
 The cry of battle rose.
 There Tibur marched and Pedum
 Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
 And Ferentinum of the rock,
 And Gabii of the pool.
 There rode the Volscian succors:
 There, in a dark stern ring,

230

220 The woman who *sat spinning by his bed* is doubtless the Roman matron Lucretia whom he injured, so bringing upon himself his expulsion from the city.

Define: stately, watches, stern, succors.

Why should the Roman exiles gather in a ring? Why was it dark and stern?

The Roman exiles gathered close
 Around the ancient king. 240
 Though white as Mount Soracte,
 When winter nights are long,
 His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
 His heart and hand were strong;
 Under his hoary eyebrows
 Still flashed forth quenchless rage,
 And, if the lance shook in his grip,
 'T was more with hate than age.
 Close at his side was Titus
 On an Apulian steed, 250
 Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
 Too good for such a breed.

14

Now on each side the leaders
 Gave signal for the charge;
 And on each side the footmen
 Strode on with lance and targe;
 And on each side the horsemen
 Struck their spurs deep in gore,
 And front to front the armies
 Met with a mighty roar: 260
 And under that great battle
 The earth with blood was red;

240 *The ancient king* was Tarquin, the father of Sextus.

Define: mail, hoary, quenchless, breed, lance, targe, gore.

Does this gathering of the enemies of Rome make at all as terrifying an impression as that of the gathering under Porsena?

How was this battle different from that before the bridge in the preceding poem?

When Sextus rides out foremost has he changed in appearance or manner from the Sextus described in stanza twelve?

And, like the Pomptine fog at morn,
 The dust hung overhead ;
 And louder still and louder
 Rose from the darkened field
 The braying of the war-horns,
 The clang of sword and shield,
 The rush of squadrons sweeping
 Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
 The shouting of the slayers,
 And screeching of the slain.

270

15

False Sextus rode out foremost ;
 His look was high and bold ;
 His corselet was of bison's hide,
 Plated with steel and gold.
 As glares the famished eagle
 From the Digentian rock
 On a choice lamb that bounds alone
 Before Bandusia's flock,
 Herminius glared on Sextus,
 And came with eagle speed,
 Herminius on black Auster,
 Brave champion on brave steed ;
 In his right hand the broadsword
 That kept the bridge so well,

280

263 *Pomptine fog*, that of the Pomptine (Pontine) marshes in the lowlands of Latium.

Define: braying, clang, corselet, glares, famished.

Does the right or wrong of his cause have anything to do with the courage that Sextus shows, as the author would have us think?

Why should Herminius glare like a famished eagle, or is the figure of these lines not a happy one?

And on his helm the crown he won
 When proud Fidenæ fell.
 Woe to the maid whose lover
 Shall cross his path to-day! 290
 False Sextus saw, and trembled,
 And turned, and fled away.
 As turns, as flies, the woodman
 In the Calabrian brake,
 When through the reeds gleams the round eye
 Of that fell speckled snake;
 So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
 And hid him in the rear,
 Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
 Bristling with crest and spear. 300

16

But far to north Æbutius,
 The Master of the Knights,
 Gave Tubero of Norba
 To feed the Porcian kites.
 Next under those red horse-hoofs
 Flaccus of Setia lay;
 Better had he been pruning
 Among his elms that day.
 Mamilius saw the slaughter,
 And tossed his golden crest, 310
 And towards the Master of the Knights
 Through the thick battle pressed.

Define: brake, reeds, fell, bristling, kites.

To which side did Tubero, line 303, belong?

Whose were the "red horse-hoofs" of line 305?

What feeling do you imagine in Mamilius when he tosses his golden crest?

Who was the Master of the Knights?

Æbutius smote Mamilius
 So fiercely on the shield
 That the great lord of Tusculum
 Wellnigh rolled on the field.
 Mamilius smote Æbutius,
 With a good aim and true,
 Just where the neck and shoulder join,
 And pierced him through and through; 320
 And brave Æbutius Elva
 Fell swooning to the ground,
 But a thick wall of bucklers
 Encompassed him around.
 His clients from the battle
 Bare him some little space,
 And filled a helm from the dark lake,
 And bathed his brow and face;
 And when at last he opened
 His swimming eyes to light, 330
 Men say, the earliest word he spake
 Was, "Friends, how goes the fight?"

17

But meanwhile in the centre
 Great deeds of arms were wrought;
 There Aulus the Dictator
 And there Valerius fought.
 Aulus with his good broadsword
 A bloody passage cleared

325 *Clients*, in Rome, were those who attached themselves to the great families in a relationship above that of slave, being in turn defended by them.

Does what Aebutius says in line 332 seem wholly natural and Roman or not?

To where, amidst the thickest foes,
 He saw the long white beard. 340
 Flat lighted that good broadsword
 Upon proud Tarquin's head.
 He dropped the lance; he dropped the reins;
 He fell as fall the dead.
 Down Aulus springs to slay him,
 With eyes like coals of fire;
 But faster Titus hath sprung down,
 And hath bestrode his sire.
 Latian captains, Roman knights,
 Fast down to earth they spring, 350
 And hand to hand they fight on foot
 Around the ancient king.
 First Titus gave tall Cæso
 A death wound in the face;
 Tall Cæso was the bravest man
 Of the brave Fabian race:
 Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
 The priest of Juno's shrine:
 Valerius smote down Julius,
 Of Rome's great Julian line; 360
 Julius, who left his mansion
 High on the Velian hill,
 And through all turns of weal and woe
 Followed proud Tarquin still.

362 *Velian.* The Velian hill was one of the seven hills of Rome.

Define: sire, shrine, weal, woe.

Whose was the long white beard of line 340?

How does the fighting here in stanza seventeen differ from that of a modern battle? What would the leaders be doing?

Why should the first close struggle center about the ancient king?

Is Tarquin the leader of the Latines or not?

Now right across proud Tarquin
 A corpse was Julius laid;
 And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
 And at Valerius made.
 Valerius struck at Titus,
 And lopped off half his crest; 370
 But Titus stabbed Valerius
 A span deep in the breast.
 Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
 Valerius reeled and fell.
 Ah! woe is me for the good house
 That loves the people well!
 Then shouted loud the Latines,
 And with one rush they bore
 The struggling Romans backward
 Three lances' length and more; 380
 And up they took proud Tarquin,
 And laid him on a shield,
 And four strong yeomen bare him,
 Still senseless, from the field.

18

But fiercer grew the fighting
 Around Valerius dead;
 For Titus dragged him by the foot,
 And Aulus by the head.
 "On, Latines, on!" quoth Titus,
 "See how the rebels fly!" 390
 "Romans, stand firm!" quoth Aulus,
 "And win this fight or die!"

What does the man telling the story think the good house that loved the people well?

Of what rank in Rome do you think the teller of the story was?



TRIUMPH OF TITUS, ROME—Relief from Arch of Titus

They must not give Valerius
 To raven and to kite;
 For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
 And aye upheld the right;
 And for your wives and babies
 In the front rank he fell.
 Now play the men for the good house
 That loves the people well!"

400

19

Then tenfold round the body
 The roar of battle rose,
 Like the roar of a burning forest
 When a strong north-wind blows.
 Now backward, and now forward,
 Rocked furiously the fray,
 Till none could see Valerius,
 And none wist where he lay.
 For shivered arms and ensigns
 Were heaped there in a mound,
 And corpses stiff, and dying men
 That writhed and gnawed the ground;
 And wounded horses kicking,
 And snorting purple foam;
 Right well did such a couch befit
 A Consular of Rome.

410

Define: wist, writhed, befit.

What would it have been to give Valerius "To raven and to kite"?

Is Aulus appealing to part of the Romans mainly or to all of them in lines 395-400?

Why was that a couch fitting for a "Consular of Rome," as the poet declares in line 415?

Is the fight over Valerius more or less bitter than over Tarquin?

20

But north looked the Dictator ;
 North looked he long and hard ;
 And spake to Caius Cossus,
 The Captain of his Guard : 420
 "Caius, of all the Romans
 Thou hast the keenest sight ;
 Say, what through yonder storm of dust
 Comes from the Latian right?"

21

Then answered Caius Cossus :
 "I see an evil sight :
 The banner of proud Tusculum
 Comes from the Latian right ;
 I see the plumed horsemen ;
 And far before the rest 430
 I see the dark-gray charger,
 I see the purple vest ;
 I see the golden helmet
 That shines far off like flame ;
 So ever rides Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name."

22

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus :
 Spring on thy horse's back ;
 Ride as the wolves of Apennine
 Were all upon thy track ; 440

Are the Romans able to stand any further addition to the forces of the enemy at this point of the battle? What does the Dictator think about that?

Haste to our southward battle,
 And never draw thy rein
 Until thou find Herminius,
 And bid him come amain."

23

So Aulus spake, and turned him
 Again to that fierce strife;
 And Caius Cossus mounted,
 And rode for death and life.
 Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
 The helmets of the dead, 450
 And many a curdling pool of blood
 Splashed him from heel to head.
 So came he far to southward,
 Where fought the Roman host,
 Against the banners of the marsh
 And banners of the coast.
 Like corn before the sickle
 The stout Lavinians fell,
 Beneath the edge of the true sword
 That kept the bridge so well. 460

24

"Herminius! Aulus greets thee;
 He bids thee come with speed,

What is the sense in which the author uses the word battle in line 441?

Does it make the enemy seem more or less numerous and powerful to think of them as banners of the marsh and banners of the coast?

In whose favor do you feel that the battle is going in stanza 23? Whose is the "true sword that kept the bridge so well", line 460?

To help our central battle;
 For sore is there our need.
 There was the youngest Tarquin,
 And there the Crest of Flame,
 The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.
 Valerius hath fallen fighting
 In front of our array,
 And Aulus of the seventy fields
 Alone upholds the day."

470

25

Herminius beat his bosom,
 But never a word he spake.
 He clapped his hand on Auster's mane,
 He gave the reins a shake,
 Away, away went Auster,
 Like an arrow from the bow;
 Black Auster was the fleetest steed.
 From Aufidus to Po.

480

26

Right glad were all the Romans
 Who, in that hour of dread,
 Against great odds bare up the war
 Around Valerius dead,
 When from the south the cheering
 Rose with a mighty swell:

Who was the youngest Tarquin?

What does Cossus mean by the Crest of Flame?

Why the designation, "Aulus of the seventy fields"?

What does the poet mean to show in Herminius by his silence as he hurries away to the help of Aulus?

“Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well!”

27

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way. 490
“Herminius! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall nevermore go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome!”

28

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and gray. 500
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breastplate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.

Does the speech of Mamilius seem that of a man full of anger or bitterness or of one who delights in rivalry, in conflict?

Would a modern army pause to watch the fight of two champions?

How is this conflict between Mamilius and Herminius more or less important than any preceding part of the battle?

Has the author wished you to think well or ill of Mamilius? Has his telling of the devotion of the horse any bearing upon this?

Does the death of Mamilius foreshadow the end of the battle for us or for his people only?

Down fell they dead together
 In a great lake of gore ;
 And still stood all who saw them fall
 While men might count a score.

510

29

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
 The dark-gray charger fled ;
 He burst through ranks of fighting men,
 He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
 His bridle far out-streaming,
 His flanks all blood and foam,
 He sought the southern mountains,
 The mountains of his home.
 The pass was steep and rugged,
 The wolves they howled and whined ;
 But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
 And he left the wolves behind.
 Through many a startled hamlet
 Thundered his flying feet ;
 He rushed through the gate of Tusculum
 He rushed up the long white street ;
 He rushed by tower and temple,
 And paused not from his race
 Till he stood before his master's door
 In the stately market-place.
 And straightway round him gathered
 A pale and trembling crowd,
 And when they knew him, cries of rage
 Brake forth, and wailing loud :

520

530

Define: gore, spurning, hamlet, stately, brake.

And women rent their tresses
 For their great prince's fall;
 And old men girt on their old swords,
 And went to man the wall.

540

30

But, like a graven image,
 Black Auster kept his place,
 And ever wistfully he looked
 Into his master's face.
 The raven-mane that daily,
 With pats and fond caresses,
 The young Herminia washed and combed,
 And twined in even tresses,
 And decked with colored ribands
 From her own gay attire,
 Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
 In carnage and in mire.

550

Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
 And seized black Auster's rein.
 Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
 And ran at him amain.

"The furies of thy brother
 With me and mine abide,
 If one of your accursed house
 Upon black Auster ride!"

560

As on an Alpine watch-tower
 From heaven comes down the flame,

Define: rent, tresses, graven, wistfully, carnage, amain, accursed, flame.

Why did Titus spring and seize "black Auster's mane"? Was it because of good or evil qualities in him?

Is the feeling toward Titus in Aulus one of national or personal animosity? Can you see that Aulus has any reason for personal feeling?

Full on the neck of Titus
 The blade of Aulus came;
 And out the red blood spouted,
 In a wide arch and tall,
 As spouts a fountain in the court
 Of some rich Capuan's hall.
 The knees of all the Latines
 Were loosened with dismay
 When dead, on dead Herminius,
 The bravest Tarquin lay.

570

31

And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's raven mane,
 With heed he looked unto the girths,
 With heed unto the rein.
 "Now bear me well, black Auster,
 Into yon thick array;
 And thou and I will have revenge
 For thy good lord this day."

580

32

So spake he; and was buckling
 Tighter black Auster's band,
 When he was aware of a princely pair
 That rode at his right hand.

Which of the two horses does the author wish us to think of as having the greater devotion to his master?

Is Aulus confident or desperately revengeful as he talks to the horse?

What does the white armor and white horses of the princely pair suggest?

So like they were, no mortal
 Might one from other know;
 White as snow their armor was,
 Their steeds were white as snow.
 Never on earthly anvil
 Did such rare armor gleam;
 And never did such gallant steeds
 Drink of an earthly stream.

590

33

And all who saw them trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek;
 And Aulus the Dictator
 Scarce gathered voice to speak.
 "Say by what name men call you?
 What city is your home?
 And wherefore ride ye in such guise
 Before the ranks of Rome?"

600

34

"By many names men call us;
 In many lands we dwell:
 Well Samothracia knows us;
 Cyrene knows us well.
 Our house in gay Tarentum
 Is hung each morn with flowers;

603 The Island of *Samothracia* was in the Aegean.

604 *Cyrene* was a city founded by Greeks in Africa.

605 *Tarentum* was another Greek colony in southern Italy, noted for its wealth and luxury.

How does line 589 suggest that armor was made in those days? How would it be made now if we used it?

Is there any imaginative appeal through the enumeration of the various places with which the strange horsemen are associated?

High o'er the masts of Syracuse
 Our marble portal towers;
 But by the proud Eurotas
 Is our dear native home;
 And for the right we come to fight
 Before the ranks of Rome."

610

35

So answered those strange horsemen,
 And each couched low his spear;
 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
 Were bold, and of good cheer.
 And on the thirty armies
 Came wonder and affright,
 And Ardea wavered on the left,
 And Cora on the right.
 "Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus;
 "The foe begins to yield!
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
 Charge for the Golden Shield!
 Let no man stop to plunder,
 But slay, and slay, and slay;
 The gods who live forever
 Are on our side to-day."

620

609 The *Eurotas* was a river on the border of Lacedæmon.

624 *The Golden Shield*, by Roman tradition, fell from heaven in the days of Numa Pompilius. It was preserved as that of the god Mars.

What foundation was there saying, as in line 611, that the Roman cause was right?

What were the thirty armies of line 617?

36

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
 From earth to heaven arose. 630
 The kites know well the long stern swell
 That bids the Romans close.
 Then the good sword of Aulus
 Was lifted up to slay ;
 Then, like a crag down Apennine,
 Rushed Auster through the fray.
 But under those strange horsemen
 Still thicker lay the slain ;
 And after those strange horses
 Black Auster toiled in vain. 640
 Behind them Rome's long battle
 Came rolling on the foe,
 Ensigns dancing wild above,
 Blades all in line below.
 So comes the Po in flood-time
 Upon the Celtic plain ;
 So comes the squall, blacker than night,
 Upon the Adrian main.
 Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
 It was a goodly sight 650
 To see the thirty standards
 Swept down the tide of flight.

649 *Quirinus*. Romulus as deified was given this name.

Why do the kites "know well the long stern swell that bids the Romans close"?

Why "after those strange horses" did black Auster toil in vain?

Why were the "Ensigns dancing wild above"?

Are the figures of lines 645-648 such as suggest triumphant or uncertain power?

Whose were the thirty standards and how were they "Swept down the tide of flight"?

So flies the spray of Adria

When the black squall doth blow,

So corn-sheaves in the flood-time

Spin down the whirling Po.

False Sextus to the mountains

Turned first his horse's head ;

And fast fled Ferentinum,

And fast Lanuvium fled. 660

The horsemen of Nomentum

Spurred hard out of the fray ;

The footmen of Velitræ

Threw shield and spear away.

And underfoot was trampled,

Amidst the mud and gore,

The banner of proud Tusculum,

That never stooped before.

And down went Flavius Faustus,

Who led his stately ranks 670

From where the apple-blossoms wave

On Anio's echoing banks,

And Tullus of Arpinum,

Chief of the Volscian aids,

And Metius with the long fair curls,

The love of Anxur's maids,

And the white head of Vulso,

The great Arician seer,

And Nepos of Laurentum,

The hunter of the deer ; 680

And in the back false Sextus

Felt the good Roman steel,

Why does the poet give so many names of those that fled? Does it increase or lessen the sense of the disaster?

And wriggling in the dust he died,
 Like a worm beneath the wheel.
 And fliers and pursuers
 Were mingled in a mass,
 And far away the battle
 Went roaring through the pass.

37

Sempronius Atratinus

Sate in the Eastern Gate,
 Beside him were three Fathers,
 Each in his chair of state;
 Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
 That day were in the field,
 And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve
 Who kept the Golden Shield;
 And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
 For wisdom far renowned;
 In all Etruria's colleges
 Was no such Pontiff found.
 And all around the portal,
 And high above the wall,
 Stood a great throng of people,
 But sad and silent all;
 Young lads, and stooping elders
 That might not bear the mail,

690

700

695 *The Twelve* were patricians who had charge of the Golden Shield and of eleven others made like it that the chances of theft might be less.

697 *Pontiff*, a priest.

Does Sextus' death seem noble or ignoble? Does it seem a fitting sort of death or not, and why?

What was the pass of line 688? See line 523.

Were the people "sad and silent" because they had any great fear of the outcome, or for other reasons?

Matrons with lips that quivered,
 And maids with faces pale.
 Since the first gleam of daylight,
 Sempronius had not ceased 710
 To listen for the rushing
 Of horse-hoofs from the east.
 The mist of eve was rising,
 The sun was hastening down,
 When he was aware of a princely pair
 Fast pricking towards the town.
 So like they were, man never
 Saw twins so like before;
 Red with gore their armor was,
 Their steeds were red with gore. 720

38

"Hail to the great Asylum!
 Hail to the hill-tops seven!
 Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
 And the shield that fell from heaven!
 This day, by Lake Regillus,
 Under the Porcian height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum
 Was fought a glorious fight;
 To-morrow your Dictator

721 *The great Asylum*, because at its founding Romulus had proclaimed it a refuge for fugitives.

Why now did Sempronius expect the "rushing of horse-hoofs"?
 What was "the fire that burns for aye"?

Line 715 is repeated from line 583. It is a little unpleasant for that reason and for the further reason that it is not as direct and graphic as the general style of the poem? Can you see why the author did not say simply that he saw the pair?

Shall bring in triumph home 730
 The spoils of thirty cities
 To deck the shrines of Rome!"

39

Then burst from that great concourse
 A shout that shook the towers,
 And some ran north, and some ran south,
 Crying, "The day is ours!"
 But on rode these strange horsemen,
 With slow and lordly pace;
 And none who saw their bearing
 Durst ask their name or race. 740
 On rode they to the Forum,
 While laurel-boughs and flowers,
 From house-tops and from windows,
 Fell on their crests in showers.
 When they drew nigh to Vesta,
 They vaulted down amain,
 And washed their horses in the well
 That springs by Vesta's fane.
 And straight again they mounted,
 And rode to Vesta's door; 750
 Then, like a blast, away they passed,
 And no man saw them more.

Define: deck, concourse, vaulted, amain, fane.

Do the Romans at this time seem to have been ready believers in the supernatural, as appears in stanza 39?

Why do you suppose that the horsemen rode to the Forum?

Do you understand that the disappearance of the horsemen was mysterious or that they simply rode away?

And all the people trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek;
 And Sergius the High Pontiff
 Alone found voice to speak:
 "The gods who live forever
 Have fought for Rome to-day!
 These be the Great Twin Brethren
 To whom the Dorians pray. 760
 Back comes the Chief in triumph
 Who, in the hour of fight,
 Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
 In harness on his right.
 Safe comes the ship to haven,
 Through billows and through gales,
 If once the Great Twin Brethren
 Sit shining on the sails.
 Wherefore they washed their horses
 In Vesta's holy well, 770
 Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
 I know, but may not tell.
 Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
 Build we a stately dome
 Unto the Great Twin Brethren
 Who fought so well for Rome.
 And when the months returning
 Bring back this day of fight,

760 *The Dorians* were one of the great branches of the Greek race.

Define: haven, dome, harness, shining.

Do you understand that it is the Romans particularly or others that the Great Twin Brethren favor?

Does the High Pontiff tell the Romans something that they have not known in lines 761-768, or does he merely echo common tradition?

The proud Ides of Quintilis,
 Marked evermore with white, 780
 Unto the Great Twin Brethren
 Let all the people throng,
 With chaplets and with offerings,
 With music and with song;
 And let the doors and windows
 Be hung with garlands all,
 And let the Knights be summoned
 To Mars without the wall.
 Thence let them ride in purple
 With joyous trumpet-sound, 790

795 *The Great Twin Brethren.* The Roman spirit and the modern spirit find a happy contrast in this poem and in some brief lines under the title, "The Great Twin Brethren," in *The Independent* for June 22, 1911, as follows:

The battle will not cease
 Till once again on those white steeds ye ride.
 O heaven-descended Twins,
 Before humanity's bewildered host.
 Our javelins
 Fly wide,
 And idle is our cannon's boast.
 Lead us, triumphant Brethren, Love and Peace.

A fairer Golden Fleece
 Our more adventurous Argo fain would seek,
 But save, O Sons of Jove,
 Your blended light go with us, vain employ
 It were to rove
 This bleak,
 Blind waste. To unimagined joy
 Guide us, Immortal Brethren, Love and Peace.

—KATHERINE LEE BATES.

Define: chaplets, garlands, dome.

Do you think that the beginning of the worship of Castor and Pollux is shown here as a consequence of their having helped Rome, or is it an old worship now made more sincere? Which does the tone of the Pontiff in the poem indicate?

How is this story more or less stirring than "Horatius"?

In which is the human interest the higher?

Each mounted on his war-horse,
And each with olive crowned;
And pass in solemn order
Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome!"

VIRGINIA

A collection consisting exclusively of war-songs would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous, notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads. The Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccus, he were distinguished by his valor and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays—Horatius, Lartius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumus, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola—were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the Commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts of early Roman history are richer with poetical coloring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies,

but which regarded each other, during many years, with bitter animosity. . . . Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered three were felt as peculiarly severe. They were excluded from the highest magistracies, they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a moneyed class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public gaol under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honorable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had

been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in his century, and were allowed a share, considerable though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the Commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable; and, though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of grievances under which they labored; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length, in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported with eminent ability and firmness by his colleague, Lucius Sextius. The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever in any community terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of fac-

tion, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year, Licinius and Sextius were reelected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert to the full extent their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military muster could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been particularly intense at the annual election of the Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony, and victory followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was hardly able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. . . . These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonorable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age, and by the memory of his great services to the state. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanor, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valor. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues. One of them had been

intrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously. None of them had been honored with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalized himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favorite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. He had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the state had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It was swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury, and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius to get possession of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The

cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the re-election of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people; clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favorite candidates; Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity; all has been in vain; Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes; work is suspended; the booths are closed; the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a

zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pander of Appius, and begins his story.

VIRGINIA

*Fragments of a Lay Sung in the Forum on the Day
Whereon Lucius Sextius Sextinus Lateranus and
Caius Licinius Calvus Stolo Were Elected Tribunes
of the Commons the Fifth Time, in the Year of
the City CCCLXXXII.*

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts
and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood
by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with
care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome
yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to
swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful
day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked
Ten bare sway. 10

6 The Gorgon Medusa once had beautiful hair, but the goddess
Minerva in envy changed her ringlets into hissing serpents.
Circe was the enchantress that kept Ulysses at the Aæcen isle
by her arts, turning his men into swine.

10 *The wicked Ten* were the decemvirs who, after ruling mildly and
impartially for a year and being elected a second time, entered
upon the second year as tyrants.

Why does the author speak of old men as creeping?

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held ac-
 cursed,
 And of all the wicked Ten, Appius Claudius was the
 worst.
 He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in
 his pride;
 Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
 The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed
 askance with fear
 His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always
 seemed to sneer:
 That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the
 kindred still;
 For never was there Claudius yet but wished the
 Commons ill;
 Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
 With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client
 Marcus steals, 20
 His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand
 what it may.
 And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his
 lord may say.
 Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying
 Greeks:
 Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius
 speaks.

14 *Twelve axes.* See line 2 of the "Battle of Lake Regillus".

Define: stalked, askance, lowering, sneer, scorn, kindred, crouch-
 ing, client, varlets.

What was the thing that the teller of the story dislikes in
 Claudius?

Can you see anything to suggest that the speaker is one of the
 Commons or of the patricians? Why does Macaulay use the term
 commons? See "Horatius", line 377.

Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will
 crowd;
 Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is
 loud;
 Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike
 ye see;
 And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still
 will be.

Just then, as though one cloudless chink in a black
 stormy sky,
 Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl
 came by. 30
 With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on
 her arm,
 Home she went bounding from the school, nor
 dreamed of shame or harm;
 And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
 With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush
 at gaze of man;
 And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she
 danced along,
 She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old
 song,

24 *Licinius* was the Tribune of the people at whose fifth election the story is supposed to be told. He was one of the early Tribunes, and the Licinian laws, made to lessen the burdens of the plebeians, take their names from him.

31 *Tablets*. They were made with wax surfaces in which the writing was scratched with a stylus. They could then be smoothed over and used again.

35 *Sacred Street*, via Sacra. It led to the Forum.

Define: carrion, pike, chink, bounding.

What does the poet mean by the figures of lines 25-27?

Why does the narrator think of Virginia as a star in a stormy sky?

How for a sport the princes came spurring from the
 camp,
 And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the
 midnight lamp.
 The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts
 his flight,
 From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the
 morning light; 40
 And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her
 sweet young face,
 And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed
 race,
 And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
 His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glanc-
 ing feet.

* * * * *

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning
 broke;
 From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin
 wreaths of smoke.
 The city-gates were opened; the Forum all alive,

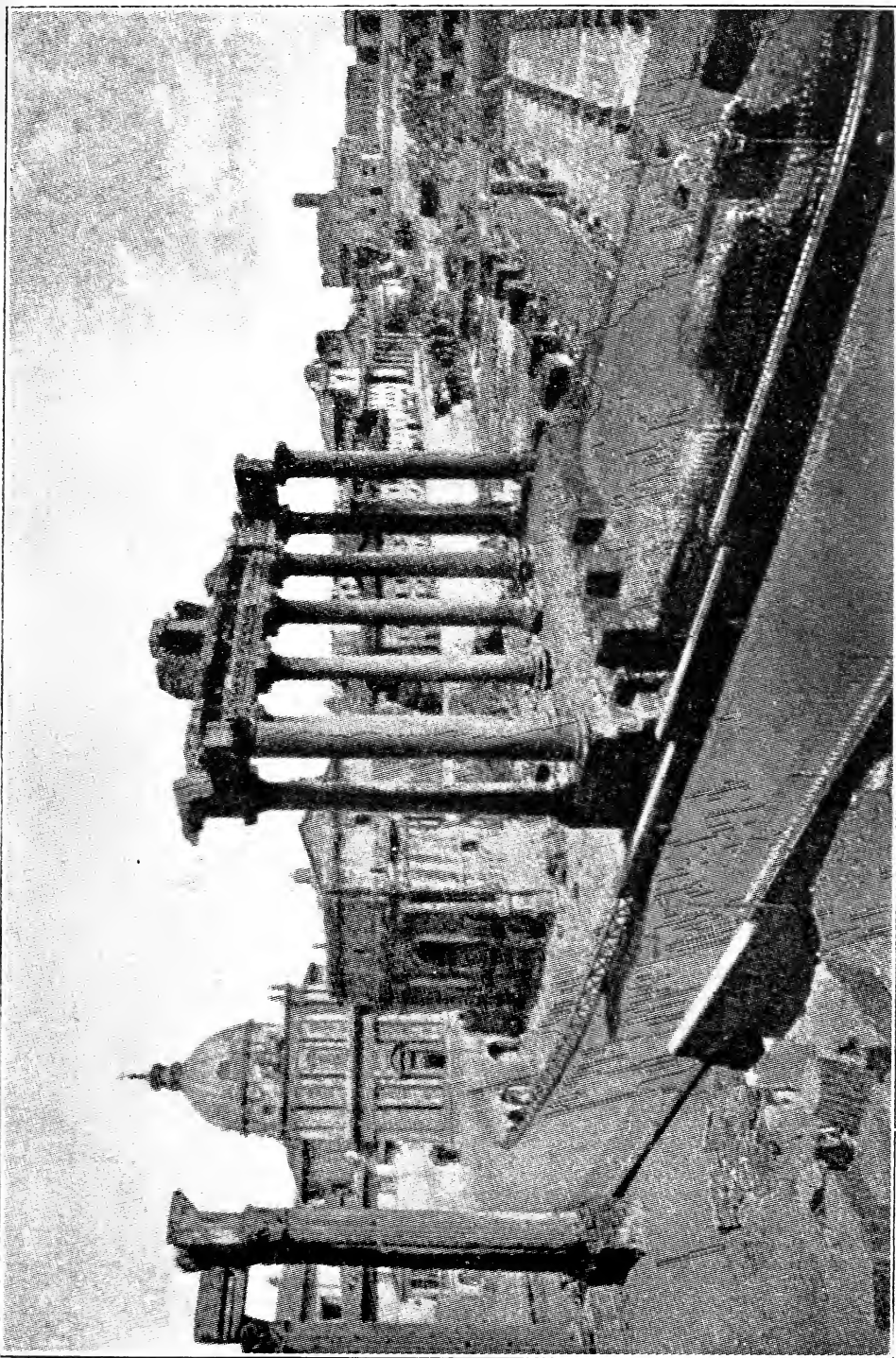
38 *Lucrece, combing the fleece.* She was so discovered following a wager among the Roman princes regarding the loyalty of their wives in their absence. Riding to Rome from their camp outside the city, they found all but her feasting.

44 The break following this line does not indicate an omission by the editor. The poem is given as written, Macaulay calling it the fragments of a lay.

Define: sport, fleece, accursed, vulture.

How does Virginia's light-hearted gaiety heighten the story interest?

Why does the story-teller stop to give account of the buying and selling in the market-place?



FORUM, ROME

With buyers and with sellers was humming like a
hive.

Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke
was ringing,

And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was
singing, 50

And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her
home:

Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in
Rome!

With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on
her arm,

Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed
of shame or harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys
gay,

And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand
this day,

When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when
erewhile

He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true
client smile:

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features,
and clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by
the wrist. 60

Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with
look aghast;

Define: humming, blithely, panniers, stalls, erewhile, patron.

Why does the poet repeat lines 53 and 54 (see lines 31 and 32)?
How does this sight of the girl make her more or less something to
appeal to our sympathies?

Was a Roman client a manly sort of creature or otherwise?
Why? Is the way of Marcus when with Claudius in agreement with
his way now when he comes to Virginia?

And at her scream from right and left the folk came
running fast ;

The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with
Punic wares,

And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged
brand,

And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.

All came in wrath and wonder ; for all knew that fair
child ;

And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their
hands and smiled ;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a
blow,

The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden
go. 70

Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in
harsh, fell tone.

“She’s mine, and I will have her : I seek but for mine
own :

She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away
and sold,

The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve
hours old.

64 *Punic wares* were wares from Carthage.

Define: money-changer, booth, brand, flesher, cleaver, caitiff, reeled, fell.

Do the men who are told of from line 63 on have any interest in Virginia beyond their feeling for her helplessness? Is she one of their class or not? Is Marcus one of their class, or Claudius?

Is there any element of improbability in the story Marcus tells?

Does he give any proof that she is the stolen slave?

Does he or does he not talk like a man who is telling the truth?

'T was in the sad September, the month of wail and
fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul
died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire;
Let him who works the client wrong beware the
patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence
came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian
name. 80
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of
might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the
poor man's right.
There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed and
shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius
pressed,
And stamped his-foot, and rent his gown, and smote
upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel
sung,

Define: wail, ire, might, shrieked, rent, minstrel.

Do lines 81-83 suggest that the story-teller belongs to the people or to the patricians?

Does it seem probable that Icilius was first roused to his bitterness against tyrants by this incident or was he already on fire against tyranny from other things?

Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting
 swords, are hung, 90
 And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and
 clear
 Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants
 quake to hear.

“Now, by your children’s cradles, now by your
 fathers’ graves,
 Be men to-day, Quirites, or be forever slaves!
 For this did Servius give us laws? For this did
 Lucrece bleed?
 For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tar-
 quin’s evil seed?
 For this did those false sons make red the axes of
 their sire?
 For this did Scaevola’s right hand hiss in the Tuscan
 fire?
 Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed
 the lion’s den?

94 *Quirites* were Romans, taking the name from the curia, which was the basis of union of the first two tribes, the Ramnes and Tities.

97 *Brutus*, one of the consuls chosen after the expulsion of the Tarquins, had his two sons beheaded for conspiring to bring about their return.

98 The story of *Scaevola* is one of the familiar stories of Roman bravery. Entering the Tuscan camp with the intention of murdering Lars Porsena, he killed the wrong man. He was caught, and then thrust his hand into the fire to show that he was unmindful of torture. This mark of courage, emphasized by the statement that he had three hundred companions who had pledged themselves to like service for Rome, induced Porsena to ask for peace.

What does he mean by “this” in lines 95-97?

Why should he have thought over the history of the laws that saved the people from tyranny?

Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to
the wicked Ten? 100

Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's
will!

Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the
Sacred Hill!

In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by
side;

They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian
pride;

They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth
from Rome;

They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces
home.

But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung
away:

All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in
a day.

Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight
is o'er.

We strove for honors—'t was in vain; for freedom—
't is no more. 110

102 The Plebeians withdrew from Rome and encamped on the mountain that was thereafter called the *Sacred Mountain*, until they were granted Tribunes and the satisfaction of some other demands.

104 *Caius Marcius*, or Coriolanus, was banished from Rome and led back an army of her enemies. They "tamed the Fabian pride" by refusing to storm the camp of the enemy.

105 *The fiercest Quinctius* was Quinctius Cincinnatus.

Define: curbed, shivered, fasces, blighted.

Who are those who have "faced the Marcian fury" and done the other things the speaker names, patricians or plebeians?

How has their "madness flung away" what had been bequeathed them?

No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
 No Tribune breathes the word of might that guards
 the weak from wrong.
 Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath
 your will.
 Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye have
 them:—keep them still.
 Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
 The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel-
 crown:
 Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight
 is done,
 Still fill your garners from the soil which our good
 swords have won.
 Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may
 not cure,
 Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the
 poor. 120
 Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers
 bore;
 Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;

115 *The holy fillets* were restricted to patrician use, since the priests who wore them were chosen from the patricians. The purple gown was theirs also, as it was worn only by the consuls and the knights on public occasions.

116 *The curule chair*, the *car* or chariot, and the *laurel* wreath were also reserved to the patricians.

117 A *cohort* was a division of the Roman army, ten of them constituting a legion.

120 The oppression of the poor by usury was one of the great grievances of the plebeians.

Define: noisome, yore, fillets, garners, ulcer, leech-craft, usance.

What does the speaker mean in line 111?

How sincerely does he mean line 114?

What do you think of as the "dens of torment" of line 122?

Why does he call the Roman cohorts "your cohorts", and whom is he addressing?

No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dogstar heat;
 And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for
 free-born feet.

Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
 But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel
 love!

Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage
 springs

From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban
 kings? 130

Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender
 feet,

Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the
 wondering street,

Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles
 behold,

And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine with Spanish
 gold?

Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of
 wife,

The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul
 endures,

The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as
 yours.

133, 134 *Corinth* in Greece and *Capua* in Italy were famous for their
 luxury.

Define: fetters, grate, lineage, deign, shades, wondering, tie, vexed.
 What does he mean in the last half of line 125?
 Why does he not want their love added to their hate?

Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast
with pride;

Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted
bride. 140

Spare us the inexpressible wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's
blood to flame,

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our
despair,

And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much
the wretched dare."

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space
aside,

To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with
horn and hide,

Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson
flood,

Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream
of blood.

Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle
down;

Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his
gown. 150

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat be-
gan to swell,

Define: inexpressible, sluggard, reeking, shambles, whittle.

How do lines 141-144 suggest that the speaker thinks that they
have or have not already endured too much?

What is the threat of line 144?

Does Virginius seem the more angered or the more broken?

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell,
sweet child! Farewell!

Oh, how I loved my darling! Though stern I some-
times be,

To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be
so to thee?

And how my darling loved me! How glad she was
to hear

My footsteps on the threshold when I came back last
year!

And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic
crown,

And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought
me forth my gown!

Now all those things are over,—yes, all thy pretty
ways,

Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old
lays; 160

And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when
I return,

Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his
urn.

157 The *civic crown* was a reward for bravery in battle, being given to a soldier for having killed an enemy who would otherwise have killed one of his fellow soldiers.

158 The *gown* is the toga that, as a Roman citizen, he put on in returning to civil life.

Define: prattle, snatches, urn.

Why does he give Virginia up so easily and bid her farewell?

How genuine and sincere does this talk of Virginius to his daughter suggest that the elemental human feelings were among men of his sort in Rome?

By comparison with lines 130-134 how much more or less so do they seem than among the patricians?

The house that was the happiest within the Roman
 walls,
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's
 marble halls,
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have
 eternal gloom,
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the
 tomb.
 The time is come. See how he points his eager hand
 this way!
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon
 the prey!
 With all his wit, he little deems that, spurned, be-
 trayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge
 left. 170
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still
 can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion
 of the slave;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and
 blow,—
 Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou
 shalt never know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give
 me one more kiss;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way
 but this."

Define: gloat, deems, bereft, refuge, outrage.

Who is it that gloats on Virginia's grief, as her father tells in
 line 168?

Why do you suppose that Virginius did not try to save Virginia
 from Claudius alive?

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in
 the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob
 she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their
 breath;
 And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of
 death; 180
 And in another moment brake forth from one and all
 A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
 Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
 Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the
 slain;
 Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there
 be found;
 And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to
 stanch the wound.
 In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch'd, for never
 truer blow
 That good right arm had dealt in fight against a
 Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered
 and sank down,
 And hid his face some little space with the corner of
 his gown, 190
 Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius
 tottered nigh,

Define: averted, leech, stanch, strove, dealt.

Is it merely the death of Virginia that affects the people so
 terribly, or is it something more? Do they think of it as a part of
 their own troubles?

Does Claudius have a feeling of fear at the sight of the killing
 of Virginia, or is it merely the horror of the sight that affects him?

And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the
knife on high.

“O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the
slain,

By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us
twain;

And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and
mine,

Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian
line!”

So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went
his way;

But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body
lay,

And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then,
with steadfast feet,

Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred
Street.

200

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: “Stop him, alive
or dead!

Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who
brings his head!”

He looked upon his clients; but none would work his
will.

Define: nether, avengers, steadfast, press, twain, haggard.

Are the “dwellers in the nether gloom” of line 193 probably
men or gods?

Can you see why Virginius leaves the body of his child for others
to care for? Does that seem natural or not?

Why are both clients and lictors unwilling to do the bidding of
Claudius?

Is the spirit of Claudius in offering ten thousand pounds of copper
for his head vindictive and tyrannical or that of a man simply trying
to secure the punishment of a murderer?

He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled and stood still.

And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,

Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,

And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide; 210

And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.

They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,

And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.

The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,

And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?"

Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?

Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!"

The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;

Define: woful, bier, rabble, crafts, fetch.

Is the attitude of the people in any way defiant of Claudius?

What in the speaker's mind as you suppose, characterized the "Claudian note"?

But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the
crowd, 220

Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirl-
wind on the deep,

Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half aroused
from sleep.

But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and
strong,

Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into
the throng,

Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and
of sin,

That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.

The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and
hate,

Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin
Gate.

But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the
slain, 230

No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers
and black frowns,

And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns;

'T was well the lictors might not pierce to where the
maiden lay,

Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from
limb that day.

Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming
from their heads,

Define: sullen, moaning, yeomen, sheaf, train, pierce.

What now in line 220 *et seq.* increases the anger of the crowd?

Why should the story-teller call the fasces of the lictors twigs in
line 224?

With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip and the blood
left his cheek;

And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he
strove to speak;

And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell:
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide
thy shame in hell!" 240

Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must
first make slaves of men.

Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the
wicked Ten!"

And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing
through the air

Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule
chair;

And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling
came;

For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but
shame.

Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do
them right,

That the great houses, all save one, have borne them
well in fight.

Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire
songs. 250

Define: tossing, potsherds, curule.

Does the bearing of Claudius as the speaker reports it show fear
or vexation or anger and will to do something?

Why, do the people wish Tribunes?

How does this story show that the house of Claudius was brave
against shame?

Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan
bowed ;

And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom her-
self is proud.

But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes color like a maid at sight of sword and
shield.

The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city
towers ;

The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks
but ours.

A Cossus, like a wild-cat, springs ever at the face ;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting
chase ;

But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from
those who smite. 260

So now 't was seen of Appius. When stones began
to fly,

He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and
smote upon his thigh.

“Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest
way!”

251 *Marcus Furius Camillus*. After the sack of Rome by the Gauls,
he prevented a migration of the citizens to Veii. Later he
defeated the Gauls at Alba.

257 *Aulus Cornelius Cossus* defeated Tolumnus, king of the Veientes.

258 There were many of the *Fabian* gens who were prominent in the
early history of Rome.

What kind of triumphs were those that Claudius won within the
city towers?

How has the bearing of Claudius so far justified the story-teller's
speaking of his house as “the vile Claudian litter”?

While yet he spake, and looked around with a be-
wildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule
chair ;
And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on
the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins
girt up for fight.
But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was
the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could bring
their lord along. 270
Twelve times the crowd made at him ; five times they
seized his gown ;
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got
him down.
And sharper came the pelting ; and evermore the
yell—
“Tribunes ! we will have Tribunes !” rose with a louder
swell.
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered
sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of
spume,
And the great Thunder Cape has donned his veil of
inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath
the ear ;

Who were without either staff or sword in line 269?

Why does the poet speak of the lictors and clients as “the train”? Does it have any relation to the servility of their offices?

Do the figures of lines 275-278 suggest violence or numbers in the crowd, or both?

And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with
pain and fear. 280

His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high
with pride,

Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed
from side to side;

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his
door,

His face and neck were all one cake of filth and
clotted gore.

As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grand-
son be!

God send Rome one such other sight, and send me
there to see!

Does the story-teller as he ends reveal his character any further
as belonging to the popular party or to the patricians?

How does the pitiful story have a note of something like joy at
the end?

What does the one who tells the story most think of, Virginia
or the wrongs that the people suffer?

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

It can hardly be necessary to remind any reader that, according to the popular tradition, Romulus, after he had slain his grand-uncle, Amulius, and restored his grandfather Numitor, determined to quit Alba, the hereditary domain of the Sylvian princes, and to found a new city. The gods, it was added, vouchsafed the clearest signs of the favor with which they regarded the enterprise, and of the high destinies reserved for the young colony.

This event was likely to be a favorite theme of the old Latin minstrels. They would naturally attribute the project of Romulus to some divine intimation of the power and prosperity which it was decreed that his city should attain. They would probably introduce seers foretelling the victories of unborn consuls and dictators, and the last great victory would generally occupy the most conspicuous place in the prediction. There is nothing strange in the supposition that the poet who was employed to celebrate the first great triumph of the Romans over the Greeks might throw his song of exultation into this form.

The occasion was one likely to excite the strongest feelings of national pride. A great outrage had been followed by a great retribution. Seven years before this time, Lucius Posthumius Megellus, who sprang from one of the noblest houses of Rome, and had been thrice Consul, was sent ambassador to Tarentum, with charge to demand reparation for grievous injuries.

The Tarentines gave him audience in their theatre, where he addressed them in such Greek as he could command, which, we may well believe, was not exactly such as Cineas would have spoken. An exquisite sense of the ridiculous belonged to the Greek character; and closely connected with this faculty was a strong propensity to flippancy and impertinence. When Posthumius placed an accent wrong, his bearers burst into a laugh. When he remonstrated, they hooted him, and called him a barbarian; and at length hissed him off the stage as if he had been a bad actor. As the grave Roman retired, a buffoon, who, from his constant drunkenness, was nicknamed the Pint Pot, came up with gestures of the grossest indecency, and bespattered the senatorial gown with filth. Posthumius turned round to the multitude, and held up the gown, as if appealing to the universal law of nations. The sight only increased the insolence of the Tarentines. They clapped their hands, and set up a shout of laughter which shook the theatre. "Men of Tarentum," said Posthumius, "It will take not a little blood to wash this gown."

Rome, in consequence of this insult, declared war against the Tarentines. The Tarentines sought for allies beyond the Ionian Sea. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, came to their help with a large army; and, for the first time, the two great nations of antiquity were fairly matched against each other.

The fame of Greece in arms, as well as in arts, was then at the height. Half a century earlier, the career of Alexander had excited the admiration and terror of all nations from the Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules. Royal houses, founded by Macedonian cap-

tains, still reigned at Antioch and Alexandria. That barbarian warriors, led by barbarian chiefs, should win a pitched battle against Greek valor guided by Greek science, seemed as incredible as it would now seem that the Burmese or the Siamese should, in the open plain, put to flight an equal number of the best English troops. The Tarentines were convinced that their countrymen were irresistible in war; and this conviction had emboldened them to treat with the grossest indignity one whom they regarded as the representative of an inferior race. Of the Greek generals then living, Pyrrhus was indisputably the first. Among the troops who were trained in the Greek discipline, his Epirotes ranked high. His expedition to Italy was a turning-point in the history of the world. He found there a people who, far inferior to the Athenians and Corinthians in the fine arts, in the speculative sciences, and in all the refinements of life, were the best soldiers on the face of the earth. Their arms, their gradations of rank, their order of battle, their methods of intrenchment, were all of Latian origin, and had all been gradually brought near to perfection, not by the study of foreign models, but by the genius and experience of many generations of great native commanders. The first words which broke from the king, when his practised eye had surveyed the Roman encampment, were full of meaning: "These barbarians," he said, "have nothing barbarous in their military arrangements." He was at first victorious; for his own talents were superior to those of the captains who were opposed to him; and the Romans were not prepared for the onset of the elephants of the East, which were then for the first time seen

in Italy,—moving mountains, with long snakes for hands. But the victories of the Epirotes were fiercely disputed, dearly purchased, and altogether unprofitable. At length, Manius Curius Dentatus, who had in his first consulship won two triumphs, was again placed at the head of the Roman Commonwealth, and sent to encounter the invaders. A great battle was fought near Beneventum. Pyrrhus was completely defeated. He repassed the sea; and the world learned with amazement that a people had been discovered who, in fair fighting, were superior to the best troops that had been drilled on the system of Parmenio and Antigonus. The conquerors had a good right to exult in their success, for their glory was all their own. They had not learned from their enemy how to conquer him. It was with their own national arms, and in their own national battle array, that they had overcome weapons and tactics long believed to be invincible. The pilum and the broadsword had vanquished the Macedonian spear. The legion had broken the Macedonian phalanx. Even the elephants, where the surprise produced by their first appearance was over, could cause no disorder in the steady yet flexible battalions of Rome.

It is said by Florus, and may easily be believed, that the triumph far surpassed in magnificence any that Rome had previously seen. The only spoils which Papirius Cursor and Fabius Maximus could exhibit were flocks and herds, wagons of rude structure, and heaps of spears and helmets. But now, for the first time, the riches of Asia and the arts of Greece adorned a Roman pageant. Plate, fine stuffs, costly furniture, rare animals, exquisite paintings and sculptures,

formed part of the procession. At the banquet would be assembled a crowd of warriors and statesmen, among whom Manius Curius Dentatus would take the highest room. Caius Fabricius Luscinus, then, after two consulships and two triumphs, Censor of the Commonwealth, would doubtless occupy a place of honor at the board. In situations less conspicuous probably lay some of those who were, a few years later, the terror of Carthage—Caius Duilius, the founder of the maritime greatness of his country; Marcus Atilius Regulus, who owed to defeat a renown far higher than that which he had derived from his victories; and Caius Lutatius Catulus, who, while suffering from a grievous wound, fought the great battle of the Ægates, and brought the First Punic War to a triumphant close. It is impossible to recount the names of these eminent citizens, without reflecting that they were all, without exception, Plebeians, and would, but for the ever-memorable struggle maintained by Caius Licinius and Lucius Sextius, have been doomed to hide in obscurity, or to waste in civil broils, the capacity and energy which prevailed against Pyrrhus and Hamilcar.

On such a day we may suppose that the patriotic enthusiasm of a Latin poet would vent itself in reiterated shouts of "Io Triumphæ," such as were uttered by Horace on a far less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil, two hundred and fifty years later, put into the mouth of Anchises. The superiority of some foreign nations, and especially of the Greeks, in the lazy arts of peace, would be admitted with disdainful candor; but preëminence in all

the qualities which fit a people to subdue and govern mankind would be claimed for the Romans.

The following lay belongs to the latest age of Latin ballad-poetry. Nævius and Livius Andronicus were probably among the children whose mothers held them up to see the chariot of Curius go by. The minstrel who sang on that day might possibly have lived to read the first hexameters of Ennius, and to see the first comedies of Plautus. His poem, as might be expected, shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations than would have been found in compositions of the age of Camillus. But he troubles himself little about dates; and having heard travellers talk with admiration of the Colossus of Rhodes, and of the structures and gardens with which the Macedonian kings of Syria had embellished their residence on the banks of the Orontes, he has never thought of inquiring whether these things existed in the age of Romulus.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

*A Lay Sung at the Banquet in the Capitol, on the Day
Whereon Manius Curius Dentatus, a Second Time
Consul, Triumphed Over King Pyrrhus and the
Tarentines, in the Year of the City CCCCLXXIX.*

I

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
"The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb."

2

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging;
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing;
The yoke hangs o'er the manger;
The scythe lies in the hay;
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.

10

6 *The words of doom* were those addressed to Rhea Sylvia, the daughter of Numitor. Romulus and Remus were her twin children, and they were included in the doom.

Why is it that "no work is done to-day"?

3

And every Alban burgher
 Hath donned his whitest gown;
 And every head in Alba
 Weareth a poplar crown;
 And every Alban doorpost
 With boughs and flowers is gay;
 For to-day the dead are living;
 The lost are found to-day.

20

4

They were doomed by a bloody king;
 They were doomed by a lying priest;
 They were cast on the raging flood;
 They were tracked by the raging beast.
 Raging beast and raging flood
 Alike have spared the prey;
 And to-day the dead are living;
 The lost are found to-day.

30

5

The troubled river knew them,
 And smoothed his yellow foam,
 And gently rocked the cradle
 That bore the fate of Rome.
 The ravening she-wolf knew them,
 And licked them o'er and o'er,
 And gave them of her own fierce milk,

Define: raging, prey, ravening, fierce.

What is the story-teller's reason for saying that "to-day the dead are living"? Who that were dead does he mean?

Rich with raw flesh and gore.
 Twenty winters, twenty springs,
 Since then have rolled away;
 And to-day the dead are living,
 The lost are found to-day.

40

6

Blithe it was to see the twins,
 Right goodly youths and tall,
 Marching from Alba Longa
 To their old grandsire's hall.
 Along their path fresh garlands
 Are hung from tree to tree;
 Before them stride the pipers,
 Piping a note of glee.

50

7

On the right goes Romulus,
 With arms to the elbows red,
 And in his hand a broadsword,
 And on the blade a head,—
 A head in an iron helmet,
 With horse-hair hanging down,
 A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
 Fixed in a ghastly frown,—
 The head of King Amulius
 Of the great Sylvian line,

60

Define: gore, goodly, shaggy, swarthy.

Is this story told now in song at the date indicated by lines, 41, 42,
 or later as telling about that time?

Who was the old grandsire of line 48?

Where was the hall to whom the twins marched from Alba Longa?

What do the details of lines 54-59 suggest as to the condition of
 civilization in Rome at this time?

Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

8

On the left side goes Remus,
With wrists and fingers red,
And in his hand a boar-spear,
And on the point a head,—
A wrinkled head and aged,
With silver beard and hair,
And holy fillets round it,
Such as the pontiffs wear,—
The head of ancient Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
“The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb.”

70

9

Two and two behind the twins
Their trusty comrades go,
Four-and-forty valiant men,
With club, and axe, and bow.
On each side every hamlet
Pours forth its joyous crowd,
Shouting lads and baying dogs
And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly
As Rhea's boys go by,

80

Why do you suppose the people rejoiced at the sight of the triumphant procession?

Why are Romulus and Remus called Rhea's boys? Does it heighten or lessen human interest in them?

And maids who shriek to see the heads,
 Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

IO

So they marched along the lake ;
 They marched by fold and stall,
 By cornfield and by vineyard,
 Unto the old man's hall.

90

II

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
 Capys, the sightless seer ;
 From head to foot he trembled
 As Romulus drew near.
 And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
 And his blind eyes flashed fire :
 "Hail! foster-child of the wondrous nurse!
 Hail! son of the wondrous sire!

100

I2

"But thou,—what dost thou here
 In the old man's peaceful hall?
 What doth the eagle in the coop,
 The bison in the stall?
 Our corn fills many a garner ;
 Our vines clasp many a tree ;
 Our flocks are white on many a hill ;
 But these are not for thee.

100 *The wondrous sire* was believed to be the god Mars.

Define: fold, seer, foster-child, bison, garner.

Why does the seer say that the flocks are not for the two?

What is the meaning of the figures in lines 103, 104?

13

"For thee no treasure ripens
 In the Tartessian mine:
 For thee no ship brings precious bales
 Across the Libyan brine;
 Thou shalt not drink from amber;
 Thou shalt not rest on down;
 Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
 Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.

110

14

"Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
 Rich table and soft bed,
 To them who of man's seed are born,
 Whom woman's milk have fed.
 Thou wast not made for lucre,
 For pleasure, nor for rest;
 Thou, that are sprung from the War-god's loins
 And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast.

120

15

"From sunrise unto sunset
 All earth shall hear thy fame;

110 *The Tartessian mine.* The biblical Tarshish.

112 *The Libyan brine* is the Mediterranean.

Define: bales, down, steep, myrrh, lucre.

With what did Sidon tinge gowns?

Do you think that at the time at which this song was supposed to be sung the Romans were likely to be ready believers in the supernatural?

What recent circumstances had heightened the Roman feeling for their warlike greatness? Would that have any effect upon their belief in the descent of Romulus from Mars?

A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name.
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta's sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.

130

16

"The ox toils through the furrow,
Obedient to the goad;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load;
With whine and bound the spaniel
His master's whistle hears;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud clashing shears.

140

17

"But thy nurse will hear no master;
Thy nurse will bear no load;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad!
When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.

Define: unquenched, spirit, sire, goad, bound, lair.
Who or what was the nurse of stanza 17?

18

"Pomona loves the orchard;
 And Liber loves the vine;
 And Pales loves the straw-built shed
 Warm with the breath of kine;
 And Venus loves the whispers
 Of plighted youth and maid,
 In April's ivory moonlight
 Beneath the chestnut shade.

150

19

"But thy father loves the clashing
 Of broadsword and of shield;
 He loves to drink the steam that reeks
 From the fresh battle-field
 He smiles a smile more dreadful
 Than his own dreadful frown,
 When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
 Go up from the conquered town.

160

20

"And such as is the War-god,
 The author of thy line,
 And such as she who suckled thee,
 Even such be thou and thine.

149-151 *Pomona*, *Liber*, and *Pales* were deities of the Roman mythology.

Were the deities of stanza 18 as important or as expressive of the Roman character as Mars?

Is there contempt for the Campanian, the Tyrran, the Carthaginian, the Greek in stanza 20 or is the speaker merely making distinctions?

Leave to the soft Campanian
 His baths and his perfumes; 170
 Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
 Their dyeing-vats and looms:
 Leave to the sons of Carthage
 The rudder and the oar:
 Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs
 And scrolls of wordy lore.

21

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum;
 Roman, the sword is thine,
 The even trench, the bristling mound,
 The legion's ordered line; 180
 And thine the wheels of triumph,
 Which with their laurelled train
 Move slowly up the shouting streets
 To Jove's eternal fane.

22

"Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
 Shall veil his lofty brow;
 Soft Capua's curled revellers
 Before thy chairs shall bow;
 The Lucumoes of Arnus
 Shall quake thy rods to see; 190

169 *Campania* was a region in Italy below Latium.

177 *The pilum* was a long spear.

Define: sordid, scrolls, lore, trench, laurelled, revellers.

What are the "wheels of triumph" of line 181? and the "laurelled train" of the next line?

What does the seer mean by "thy rods" in line 190?

And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
 Shall yield to only thee.

23

"The Gaul shall come against thee
 From the land of snow and night;
 Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
 To the raven and the kite.

24

"The Greek shall come against thee,
 The conqueror of the East,
 Beside him stalks to battle
 The huge earth-shaking beast, 200
 The beast on whom the castle
 With all its guards doth stand,
 The beast who hath between his eyes
 The serpent for a hand.
 First march the bold Epirotes,
 Wedged close with shield and spear;
 And the ranks of false Tarentum
 Are glittering in the rear.

25

"The ranks of false Tarentum
 Like hunted sheep shall fly; 210

193, 197, 200 These predictions concern first the coming of the Gauls under Brennus. See "Virginius", line 251. The other reference is to the coming of the Greek invader Pyrrhus, king of Epeiros, with his elephants.

See the introduction to the poem as above and say what battle formation of the army of Pyrrhus is referred to in line 206.

In vain the bold Epirotes
 Shall round their standards die.
 And Apennine's gray vultures
 Shall have a noble feast.
 On the fat and the eyes
 Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

26

"Hurrah! for the good weapons
 That keep the War-god's land.
 Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
 In a stout Roman hand.
 Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,
 That through the thick array
 Of levelled spears and serried shields
 Hews deep its gory way.

220

27

"Hurrah! for the great triumph
 That stretches many a mile.
 Hurrah! for the wan captives
 That pass in endless file.
 Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
 Hath the Red King ta'en flight?

230

230 *The Red King* was Pyrrhus, so called because the name means red.

Define: serried, hews, noble, stout, array, wan, file.

Under whom had the Greeks conquered the East? See Macaulay's introduction to the poem.

What was the nature of a Roman triumph, as you may gather from line 225?

Why is the question of lines 229, 230 addressed to the Epirotes?

Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

28

“Hurrah; for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant’s wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-colored tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak,—
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

240

29

“Hurrah! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home.

250

To what is reference of line 232?

Why does the seer shout for the things of stanza 28? Is it in the spirit of lines 217, 218 or not?

What one of the arts is suggested in lines 245, 246? Was that an art in which the Greeks were particularly proficient?

How in these stanzas toward the close does the story seem less a prophecy and more a recounting of things as they are?

Weave, weave for Manius Curius
 The third embroidered gown:
 Make ready the third lofty car,
 And twine the third green crown;
 And yoke the steeds of Rosea
 With necks like a blended bow,
 And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
 The bull as white as snow.

260

30

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
 Who sees Rome's brightest day,
 Who sees that long victorious pomp
 Wind down the Sacred Way,
 And through the bellowing Forum
 And round the Suppliant's Grove,
 Up to the everlasting gates
 Of Capitolian Jove.

31

"Then where, o'er two bright havens,
 The towers of Corinth frown;
 Where the gigantic King of Day
 On his own Rhodes looks down;
 Where soft Orontes murmurs
 Beneath the laurel shades;

270

272 The Colossus of *Rhodes*, an enormous statue in the harbor of Rhodes, called the *King of Day* because it was erected to the sun god.

273 *Soft Orontes* murmurs by the city of Antioch.

What had Manius Curius done that he should have woven for him the third embroidered gown?

Where Nile reflects the endless length
 Of dark-red colonnades;
 Where in the still deep water,
 Sheltered from waves and blasts,
 Bristles the dusky forests
 Of Byrsa's thousand masts;
 Where fur-clad hunters wander
 Amidst the northern ice;
 Where through the sand of morning-land
 The camel bears the spice;
 Where Atlas flings his shadow
 Far o'er the western foam,—
 Shall be great fear on all who hear
 The mighty name of Rome."

280

- 275 The city of Alexandria at the mouth of the *Nile* is the probable reference.
 280 *Byrsa*, the citadel of Carthage.
 285 The *Atlas* mountains in northwestern Africa.

What are colonnades?

How is this poem more interesting or less interesting than "Horatius"?

How extensive was finally the Roman empire? Does the poem indicate that at all?

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE OF MACAULAY'S LIFE

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800, October 25, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. His father Zachary Macaulay, was a man of high principles and stern convictions. He did a large business as an African merchant and was an earnest and active enemy of the slave trade, having become acquainted with some of its cruelties through a brief residence in Jamaica.

It is a characteristic story told of the lad in his fourth year that, having some hot coffee spilled on his legs once when he was visiting, he replied a little later to the sympathetic inquiries of his hostess: "Thank you, madam, the agony is somewhat abated."

At seven the precocious boy compiled a compendium of universal history.

In 1814 he was sent to a private boarding school.

In 1818 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, being graduated in 1822 as B. A. and in 1824 as M. A. At this time he was elected to a fellowship in the college that paid him three hundred pounds a year.

In 1825 he published his first contribution to the *Edinburgh Review*, the essay on Milton, and so established a contributing relationship with the magazine that was to endure nearly twenty years.

In 1826 he was called to the bar, and in 1828 became Commissioner of Bankruptcy. Later in Parliament he had the courage and the disinterestedness to vote for a bill abolishing this office and so depriving him of a considerable income.

In 1830 he became a member of Parliament from Calne, and delivered his first speech in Parliament. The next year he made notable speeches in support of the Reform Bill, and published his essay on Boswell's

Life of Johnson. In 1833 he was returned to Parliament from Leeds. This year, also, he published the essay on Horace Walpole, and the next year one on William Pitt.

In 1834 he sailed for India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council. His great work in India was the drawing up of a Penal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure for India, and this was finished in 1837. The next year his father died, and he returned to England.

In 1839 he was again elected to Parliament, this time from Edinburgh, and he was a member of Parliament, although not continuously, for a number of years, resigning finally in 1856. In 1840 he published the essay on Lord Clive, that on Warren Hastings in 1841, on Madame d'Arbly and on the Life and Writings of Addison in 1843, and that on the Earl of Chatham, his last contribution to the Edinburgh Review, in 1844.

In 1842 he published the Lays of Ancient Rome.

In 1848 the first two volumes of his history of England appeared, the third and fourth coming out in 1855, and the fifth after his death. In 1854 he published a Life of John Bunyan, and lives of Samuel Johnson and of Oliver Goldsmith appeared in 1856.

In 1857 he was created Baron Macaulay of Rothley.

In 1859 he published a Life of William Pitt, and on December 28 of that year he died.

One or two things are remarkable in Macaulay. He had a very clear and fluent style both as a speaker and a writer. His memory was one of the most astonishing the world has ever known. He was thoroughly lovable in the personal relations of life, and he was very high-minded and honest in all his public actions.

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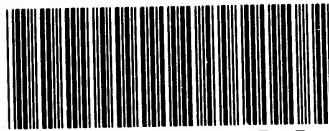
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